

No. 52

MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING.]

[MONTHLY.

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MONSIGNOR RUFFO-SCILLA.
(PAPAL ENVOY FROM LEO XIII. TO QUEEN VICTORIA).

MERRY ENGLAND

AUGUST, 1887.

Some English Boys under the Penal Laws.

ON searching that mine of historical wealth, the Jesuit Records, with which the indomitable labours of Brother Foley have enriched our English history, we find, amid the sufferings of our martyrs and confessors among clergy and laity, a few cases where even children had to pay the penalty of being Catholics. Not that it was legal to wage war with those of tender years on account of their religious convictions, but in those days there was but little justice meted to young or old, so long as they clung to the ancient faith. There were the judges ready and anxious to convict: there were the "priest-hunters" to track and "run to earth" the miserable recusant: and, saddest of all, there was the spy, who so materially aided these latter, and for money was ready to betray his priest and pastor, whether he lurked in the moated grange, like Harvington, or in the wood-secluded Plowden, and so involve in one common ruin the family, servants, and retainers who had been his personal friends. And as in the early days of Christianity Rome had a Pancras, Venantius and others, so the story of the Worthington brothers goes to show that even English Catholic boys had occasionally the "thew and sinew" of martyrdom, though the majority, with

only Protestant schools for instruction, grew up stout members of the new Tudor creed.

One of the most notorious persecutors in the new hierarchy of Elizabeth was a certain Chadderton, pseudo-bishop of Chester. His sole idea of zeal for God's service seems to have been that of hunting down, trying, and condemning all the members of the ancient faith that he could lay his episcopal hands upon. What especially made his conduct so unbearable to his poor victims was the melancholy fact that he was an ordained priest. Moreover, the insolence he showed as an "Inquisitor-general" made him so odious to the Catholic prisoners arraigned before him, that we must not be surprised at the bitter answers sometimes given by them. This prelate is found running about to Preston, Manchester, Wigan, and other places, ever busily engaged in the ungodly vocation which his misguided zeal had marked out for him. And so in due time, about the year 1584, the four Worthington brothers fell into his lordship's hands, and though hardly old enough to prove "game worthy of his shot," yet mightily distressed good Chadderton's mind. The names of these Lancashire boys were Thomas, Robert, Richard, and John, and they were between the ages of eleven and sixteen. Though young and gay, they were made of that stout material which has ever won the admiration of British school-boys, and they clung so obstinately to their religious convictions, that their luckless bodies had to pay the direst penalties for it, ere they fled from their inhospitable fatherland.

A certain pursuivant, a cruel man in the pay of Sir Edmund Trafford, Knight, Sheriff of Lancashire, hearing that these boys lived with their uncle, Father Thomas Worthington, and were secreted in the house of a Mr. Sankey, of Great Sankey, near Warrington, sent thither a band of twenty soldiers. These invaded their peaceful retreat at the hour of three in the morning of February 12th, 1584, and seized upon the four luckless brothers. But their uncle, the Jesuit, was nowhere to be found, though the men continued their search for some time,

forcing the house of a Mr. Herbard of Hurleston, and in fact any house in Warrington which they suspected as being a priest's hiding-place. They also watched the Warrington bridge, over which lay the high road to Cheshire, through what is now Latchford, and guarded the Mersey's banks for three or four days. The priest was meanwhile hiding in the house of a sick friend, and in the same town were hidden three nieces of Cardinal Allen, who were much wanted by the authorities, and who had been marked out for arrest as "papists."

After vain attempts to elicit any news from these young Worthingtons, as to where their uncle and other priests were secreted, two were left at Sankey, and the other and older two were carried off to Wigan, where they were arraigned before the Earl of Derby and Chadderton, Bishop of Chester. After a long examination, which ended in fruitless attempts to get any information from these two, all the four brothers were brought to trial a few days later at Preston. Their judges now had recourse to a curious and at the same time cruel stratagem, by which they hoped so to confuse the youngest in his speech as to get from him enough evidence to put Father Worthington in their clutches. They kept the poor boy—he was but eleven years of age—fasting until five o'clock in the evening, and then gave him draughts of strong wine, trusting that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" would be verified, and that the little fellow, thus drugged, would turn traitor. But all to no avail. He still proved a match for his judges, and would give no information, but only taunted his accusers with having shamefully tried to make him drunk. Thus did the whole truth come out; the people in court were shocked, and the judges were, it may be supposed, in some degree covered with confusion. Chadderton now turned his attention to the eldest Worthington, offering him rewards of every kind, and the post of a page of honour, if he only would attend Protestant service, but this he steadfastly refused. Then the bishop tried to make the youth take an oath, but he refused to swear, as

he considered there was not sufficient reason. For this act, his gentle manner and modest demeanour were loudly derided by the court, and "papists" in general were held up to scorn and ridicule for having such extreme delicacy of conscience.

The judges were angry at being so completely thwarted by these four Lancashire striplings, just as in olden times the Prefects of Imperial Rome had been defied by the answers and dogged endurance of an Agnes or a Pancratius. Accordingly, the four brothers were sent to Manchester for further trial, but as the news of their brave behaviour had been noised abroad, it was deemed advisable not to imprison them in the "Fleet," which was at that time crowded with unfortunate Catholics undergoing various stages of imprisonment for the faith of their forefathers. This jail stood somewhere about the site of the present Palatine Hotel, near to the Victoria Station. It was no small compliment to pay four lads of such tender years, to suppose that their example might influence those sufferers so much older than themselves. In this fear, they were kept in "durance vile" in a private house, to which all friends were refused admission. However, ingress was freely given to all kinds of zealots and "hot-gospellers," who worried with arguments and disputations these wretched boys, stinted daily in their food. Thus four severe and sour-minded ministers are related to have held a fiery discussion with them, and then indicted them for high treason. Accordingly, they were all once more brought before the Bishop of Chester, who was very wroth at being again foiled in this as in all former attempts to make the brave lads conform to the new religion.

Suddenly, there came to the bishop's aid a curious and unlooked for piece of luck. A certain man in the court, rejoicing in the very appropriate name of Bull, offered to speedily bring the Worthingtons to a proper frame of mind, if they were only put into his hands for a while. What there was in this rude yeoman's face that captivated Chadderton it is not easy to tell.

Whether there were in his features prophetic lines, which a "fortune-teller" would have construed into racks or thumbscrews, we know not ; but certain it is that the prelate smiled, and nodded approval of Bull's zealous designs. And so the youthful confessors were handed over, that same day and hour, to the tender mercies of this wretch, who would have made a not unworthy apprentice of Topcliff, the "priest-catcher." Early next morning, this minion of the law appeared before the boys when in bed ; and brandishing before their startled eyes some long rods, put to them the oft-repeated request that they should attend for once the Protestant service. The eldest stoutly refused to grant Bull's humble request, as he had on former occasions that of the bishop, the Earl of Derby, De Trafford and the whole band of "inquisitors." Whereupon he was instantly dragged out of bed, stripped and flogged unmercifully. Then to the next boy came Bull, but he also behaved as valiantly as his bleeding brother, and again the rods descended with terrible effect. It was often a trick with the tyrants of old to reserve the youngest martyr for the last, hoping more easily to terrify him into submission. And so apparently acted Bull. But to his astonishment the two little boys—under 12 years—leaped nimbly from their bed, and knelt down before him, half-naked and ready to suffer also for the faith of their brothers. But God took their good desires for the act ; they were not to suffer, as, for some inexplicable reason, their savage keeper only marched them off untouched to Chadderton, to whom they were restored, as obstinate as ever.

The bishop now took possession of one, and a rigid Puritan walked off with another, whilst the two elder were dragged daily to a Protestant school, where, as was natural, they were the butt of the scholars, and were subjected to every kind of petty persecution. Yet did their dauntless spirit never give way, but, as the chronicler relates, "they rather by their bravery converted their school-mates." For these latter would hardly have been

British lads had they been altogether blind to the pluck and heroism of the young Worthingtons, as smart and brilliant as anything to be found in tales of school-boy life.

Finally, all the four brothers managed to flee away ; and like so many others in those sad times, were obliged to forsake the land of their birth—the harsh stepmother which had grudged them that treasure dearest to all—liberty to live and move in “fatherland.” Two of them afterwards joined the Society of Jesus.

The following interesting and curious anecdote which forms a suitable fellow to the story of the Worthingtons, is told by good old Father Robert Plowden, who was for many years the priest of Bristol, of which mission and many in South Wales he is said to have been the chief founder. The account came into the hands of the compiler of the Record of the Jesuit English Province, from a certain Dame Mary English, a Benedictine of St. Scholastica's Abbey, near Teignmouth, Devon. A certain young midshipman, who was a member of the ancient Faith, when making a voyage to distant climes, contracted a strong friendship with a Protestant boy in the same service. Our nautical “Damon and Pythias” were each about fourteen years of age, and for prudent reasons the former had not made known his creed to the latter. When far away on the high seas, the Catholic lad fell dangerously ill, and was most kindly and sedulously waited upon by his mate the Protestant “middy.” All medical skill proving of no avail, the poor boy was rapidly approaching death's door, when he drew nearer to him his faithful friend in whom there seems to have been apparent a simple piety in which he could confide. Accordingly, he bravely told him that he was a Catholic, and that the nearer death approached the firmer he clung to his faith. He must have deeply astonished his mate by the startling news that, as no priest, or even Catholic, was at hand, he wished to make his confession *to him*. Then by an effort, unusual and heroic, the poor lad poured

his tale into the ear of his sad friend ; but bade him keep it honourably a secret. He told him, however, to keep it well in his mind, and then repeat the full confession of sins he had made to him to good Father Plowden, as soon as ever the ship should reach Bristol. Then giving him the priest's address, he bade him a last long adieu, and breathed his last.

The Protestant "middy," sad at the loss of his mate, kept true to his word so carefully pledged and daily recalled to mind the duty committed to him. On landing at Bristol, he made straight for the old priest's house, and told Father Plowden the dying request of his dear old friend, relating how the latter had lamented his inability to get shriven by a priest, and how he had solemnly warned him : "Remember the confession I make to you, and, on reaching port, go and relate the whole to Father Plowden, word for word." But here the young sailor stopped. He thought, and paused, but in vain did he bid his memory give up the confession once told to him. Then, in confusion, he told the priest that though he had often borne it in mind, as his dying friend had desired him, yet it had now all vanished from his mind. * The old priest quietly came to his assistance, and relieved him of all anxiety, informing the boy that there was no necessity to try and tell him the confession. Then he added, that his dying friend had done a brave act, and one which was not required of him ; yet that doubtless his humility, thus severely tested, had procured him a speedy pardon from all-merciful God.

The priest spoke so kindly, and so wisely, that other visits were paid to the presbytery, ignorance about "Popery" was expelled, and the "middy" started on his next voyage a devout young Catholic. Still, as he kept to the navy, he never received faculties to "shrive" a penitent ; and this dying mate's confession was the first and last he was ever called upon to hear.

WILFRID DALLOW.

A Character—and a Question.

A DUBIOUS, strange, uncomprehended life,
A roll of riddles without answers found,
A sea-like soul which plummet cannot sound,
Torn with belligerent winds at mutual strife.
The god in him hath taken unto wife
A daughter of the pit, and—strongly bound
In coils of snake-like hair about him wound—
Dies, straining hard to raise the severing knife.

For such a sunken soul what room in heaven ?
For such a soaring soul what place in hell ?
Can these desires be damned, these doings shriven,
Or in some lone mid-region must he dwell
Forever ? Lo ! God sitteth with the seven
Stars in His hand, and shall He not judge well ?

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Delved from Dugdale :

RIEVAUX ABBEY.

THE beginning of the twelfth century saw a new awakening of the religious life in Europe. When old Benedictine Monasteries had grown rich and lax, the yearning of men's hearts found expression in the reform of that noblest of Orders by Robert of Molesme, and the Englishman, Stephen Harding. When Bernard and his "goodly company" came knocking at the gates of Citeaux for admittance, it was a sign that this spirit of heroic self-denial and passionate longing for higher and better things had already taken root in noble hearts, and that Providence itself had selected him who was to carry that work to its perfection.

As it was an Englishman who thus became the master of St. Bernard and was the first to initiate this reform, so was it also in England that it early took root and flourished exceedingly. "In St. Stephen Harding," says a modern writer, "we recognise after five hundred years something of St. Benedict's knowledge of men, and power of organisation." The difference in the two systems was, that to St. Benedict each Abbey was a kingdom independent in itself, while St. Stephen united his different Communities in a common dependence first upon Citeaux, and then upon that Abbey in each country, whose Abbot the Mother House had appointed to be the "Visitor General." At Citeaux every year a Chapter was held on Holy Cross day, under the presidency of the Abbot who was called the "Pater Universalis," at which all the Abbots of every land were expected to be

present. This constitution was called the "*Carta Caritatis*," and to this is owing, as one result, the remarkable uniformity in all Cistercian architecture, which makes it easy to gauge the arrangements of even the most ruined of their houses; and the other result was that it effectually kept in check all laxity and innovation as regarded the Rule. It was St. Bernard himself who sent the first Cistercians to England, and though the Abbey of Waverley in Surrey is sometimes held to have been the first foundation, in point of time, it was principally in the North that the Order found its true English home. Recommended by Bernard to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, William and Waltheof, with a few brethren, came to Yorkshire, where, all unknown to them, a father's breaking heart was to be the preparation for their work. Of the chief founder of Rievaulx, Dugdale says in his "*Baronage*:"—

In the time of King Henry I., Walter Espec, a person of great note (as is evident by that memorable character which Aelred, the Abbot of Rievaulx, gives of him, viz., 'prudent in counsel, serious in peace, discreet in war, a trusty friend, a loyal subject, of stature more than ordinary large, yet comely; his hair black, his beard long, forehead high, great eyes, big face yet beautiful, shrill voice, in speech elegant, and of noble extraction, wanting issue of his body'), gave the greater part of his estates to pious uses. In his youthful years he took to wife a certain Adeline, and by her had a son, called Walter (a comely person), who took such great delight in swift horses that at a time, 1120-1, sporting his courser to run past his strength, he occasioned him to stumble hard by the stone cross at Frithby near Kirkham in Yorkshire, by means whereof the horse fell and broke his rider's neck to the great and lasting grief of his father.

This grief found its first practical expression in the foundation of the Augustinian Priory of Kirkham, on the site of one of the bereaved father's castles, and close to the scene of his loss. While he was still undecided as to his next foundation, the coming of the

Cistercian Monks reached his ears, and as the result the Monasticon says:—

Rievale was the first Abbey of the Cistercian Order founded in Yorkshire, A.D. 1131, by Walter Espec; who allotted to certain of the monks, who had been sent to England, in 1128, by St. Bernard of Clarevall, a solitary place in Blakemore, near Hamelac, now Helmsley, surrounded by steep hills and covered with wood and ling, near the angles of three different vales, with each a rivulet running through them, that passing where the Abbey was built being called Rie, whence the vale took its name, and this religious house was thence called the Abbey of Rievale. Here William the first Abbot began the building of the Monastery, dedicating it to the Virgin Mary. Pope Alexander III. by his bull, dated A.D. 1160, took this Monastery into his immediate protection; enjoining that the Cistercian Order should there continue for ever; confirming to the monks all their possessions, many of which are specified; exempting them from the payment of tithes; forbidding all persons to detain any brethren of the house; charging all bishops not to interdict them except for some notorious offence; allowing them to perform divine offices in private, although the country might happen to be under an interdict; declaring any person excommunicate who should presume to steal anything out of their lands, or to take any man thence; and confirming all the immunities granted to them by King Henry I. and King Henry II. Pope Alexander IV. confirmed their exemption from tithes; explaining that this exemption extended also to the tithes of such newly cultivated ground as they might occupy, or be at the expense of improving.

Among the names on the foundation charter are those of Thomas, Provost of Beverley, to whom St. Bernard addressed one of his most celebrated epistles; Eustace Fitz-John, the benefactor of the first monks of Fountains, and Stephen de Meinell "who," says Mr. Walbran, "was so far moved, either by the Bernardine spirit or by affection to his lord, as to bestow the town of Sutton near Kirby-Moorside on this new foundation." The Meynells continued to be notable benefactors to Rievaux;

and in the universal ruin, as we shall see, a descendant of this family laid down his life in defence of its privileges ; while to the collateral descendant of Espec, who took the winning side, the Abbey site was given. Of the ultimate fate of "the good Lord Walter" Dugdale gives this account :—

Howbeit when I consider how gloriously he behaved himself in that memorable fight against the Scots, near North Allerton in Yorkshire, commonly called the Battle of the Standard, which happened in the year of Christ 1138, I do not less admire his valour than his piety. And first, that he with Thurstan, Archbishop of York, did incite all the noblemen of England, living beyond Humber, to put themselves in arms for resistance of the Scots, and being of stature taller by the head than all others, also in great veneration for his age and wisdom, ascending a Device which was made about the Standard, he did by an elegant oration encourage the whole English Army to fight. And, having ended his speech, turned himself to the Earl Albermarle and gave him his hand, saying : "I faithfully promise you that I will conquer the Scots this day or will lose my life by them." Which courageous expression did put such spirit into all the noblemen there that each of them made the like vow ; and to take away all opportunity of flight, sent their horses a long distance resolving to fight on foot. Nor was he merely a soldier, but learned in the laws : for he was a Justice Itinerant together with Eustace Fitz-John (a great Baron in the North) shortly after the beginning of King Stephen's reign. But after this until his death, which happened in 1153, I have observed no more of him, than that two years before he became a monk in the Abbey of Rievaulx, and that he was there buried, leaving the remainder of his possessions unto his three sisters, viz.: Hawise, the wife of William de Buscie, Albreda of Nicholas de Trailly, and Adeline of Peter de Ros ; unto which Adeline he especially gave the patronage of these Abbeys of Rievaulx and Kirkham.

So for more than thirty years the brave soldier devoted his life to his duties in the world, and then the mother of the boy whose death had been so worthily mourned, having been called

hence, the last tie which bound him to the world was broken, and in the white habit of St. Bernard he awaited his own speedy summons to join his loved ones.

The Abbots of this house have no special personal history. The two first, William and Waltheof, were St. Bernard's personal friends, and the third, Aelred, was a saint and great writer. But we hear of no builder Abbots, as at Fountains, and when any one of them is mentioned as taking part in Church and State affairs it is only by his official title of Abbot of Rievaulx. Yet it was one of the most important houses of the Order, and its Abbot was Visitor General of all the English houses. Many are its possessions named in the Monasticon, and as various the names of its benefactors; the monks themselves prayed and fasted and built, leaving to us the results of their labours, seen and unseen, but entirely impersonal. The same obscurity surrounds the one Abbot of whom, considering his fateful death, one might look for some more detailed history, the Abbot who, incurring the wrath of Henry, died at Tyburn, as rebel or martyr who shall say? The probability is that this Abbot was William Helmesley, who was appointed in 1513; but even in the indictment, where he is coupled with William Thirsk, Abbot of Fountains, he is only styled "the late Abbot of Rievaulx," and the Monologium calls him simply "Abbas Rivallensis." Whoever he was, the first sign of his downfall is contained in a letter from the King's Commissioner, Thomas Legh, to Cromwell.

I have delivered your letter unto the King's Commissioners at Riewax, which upon the Abbot of Fountain's part was but lightly regarded and plainly expressed the same that such letter as I delivered was from Mr. Cromwell only and not from the King's Highness; whereupon by the counsels of Dr. Spenser and Boyear, a proctor, after evidence proved by witnesses and the Abbot of Riewax confession published, the said Abbot among other exceptions did lay this exception, *Quod vigore literarum nulla commissionariis nec illorum alicui competit aut competere potest jurisdictio contra prefatum Abbatum de Riwall, pro eo*

videlicet et ex eo quod dicte litere regie fuerunt et sunt dolose surreptie, qui tacita veritate et expressa falcitate per dolum et fraudem ac hujus modi serenissimi principis nostri circumvencione impetrata, who in his obstinate and perverse mind adhering to the rules of his religion departed from Riewax, which rebellious mind at this time is so radicate, not only in him, but also in many of that religion, as in the Abbot of Riewax writing this letter here enclosed to the slander of the King's Highness, and after the King's letters received did imprison and other ways punish divers of his brethren which were against him and his dissolute living, that as persons almost nothing regarding God and very little our great master the King, under the pretence of the rules of their religion, being aboutwards as it seemeth to me to rule the King by their rules, which is a perverse order that so noble a head should be united to so putrid and corrupt members.

The letter goes on to say that therefore the Abbot has raised "exclamations of the county against him" by his acts which are vaguely specified as "dissolute living," and "oppression of divers miserable persons" not more fully designated; and urges "for the honour of the King's Majesty," whom the witnesses against the Abbot have acknowledged to be Supreme Head of the English Church, of my Lord of Rutland—who at this time was patron of Rievaulx as representative of Adeline de Ros, and to whom the Abbey was afterwards granted—"and," continues Dr. Legh, "my poor honesty not forgotten," that the commissioners' action, in summarily deposing the contumacious Abbot, shall be confirmed. An order was then issued to the Abbots of Fountains and Byland to elect a new abbot according to the tenor of "the King's gracious letters," after which these Abbots write in a protesting tone that this has been done and a yearly annuity granted to the late Father Abbot.

These proceedings were not, however, to go on unopposed. In spite of the calumnies launched against them by the Reformers, the Religious Houses were rooted in the affections of the people in the counties furthest removed from London,

the influence of the Court and fear of the King. The indignities to which they were subjected found vent first in murmurs, which finally turned to open defiance. The poor were the chief sufferers, but the gentry too, according to the Rolls MS., saw in the monks "their personal friends, the trustees for their children, and the executors of their wills. Strangers and buyers of corn were also greatly refreshed, horse and man, at the abbey; and merchandise was well carried on through their help." To add to all, the Statute of Uses was repealed, and, says the same authority, "among the causes of the insurrection were pulling down of villages and farms, raising of rents, enclosures, intakes of the commons, &c." The first outbreak began in Lincolnshire, at Horncastle, and here the banner of the insurgents was first displayed. On it was painted a plough, a chalice and host, a horn and the five Sacred Wounds. "The plough to encourage the husbandmen; the chalice and host in remembrance of the spoiling of the Church; the five Wounds to encouraging the people to fight in Christ's name; and the horn to signify the taking of Horncastle." Suppressed in Lincolnshire, the rebellion now known as "The Pilgrimage of Grace" broke out in Yorkshire. Robert Aske, a barrister of good standing, and of a distinguished Yorkshire family, was here chosen as the leader, while his second in command, William Stapleton, was also a member of the Bar. They were soon at the head of a formidable army, the gentry flocked around them and York received them with open gates. The monks and nuns were reinstated in their old homes, "and," writes the Earl of Oxford to Cromwell, "though it were never so late when they returned, the friars sang matins the same night." Lord D'Arcy, the Archbishop of York and many others now declared openly for the pilgrims, and the Duke of Norfolk who had been sent against them was fain to make the best terms he could, and, upon a promise to redress all grievances and a free pardon for all, Robert Aske induced his followers to disperse. The leaders

kept the word they had pledged to the King ; not so did the King keep his word to them, and upon another insignificant rising taking place under Sir Francis Bigod, Aske and the rest were arraigned and condemned for high treason. Aske had done his best, with Lord D'Arcy and Sir Robert Constable, to stem the new rising, but that availed them nothing. He was hanged at York, showing himself to the last simple, brave, and noble-minded, and his servant died of grief a day or two after his master. Lord D'Arcy, an octogenarian, the descendant of Elizabeth Meynell, heiress of Nicholas Meynell, the Lord of Whorlton, great grandson of the first benefactor of Rievaulx, was beheaded at York, and the deposed Abbot of that house was hanged at Tyburn with many of his cloth—though none of them seem to have taken part in any rising after the King's pardon had been granted. One woman, Lady Bulmer, was burnt, the cruel punishment of her sex for treason.

From the letter of the Commissioners, dated December 15th, 1537, we see that the dissolution of Rievaulx followed as a matter of course. One passage runs, "We have quietly taken the surrender and dissolved the monasteries of Worksop, Ryvalle, &c., where we perceived no murmur or grief in any behalf but were thankfully received as we shall, within six days, more plainly certify to your Lordship." The yearly value was, according to Dugdale, £2,781 10s. 2d., and there is no record of any plate, relics, or vestments. Roland Blyton was the name of the Abbot who signed the surrender, for which he received an annuity of one hundred marks, the rest of the monks receiving twenty to eight pounds. The pension book also mentions an annuity of £44 to Edward Kyrkebye, Abbot of Rievaulx, who was probably the one elected by the Abbots of Fountains and Byland, and who resigned, as so many did, rather than surrender. The descendant of Henry's grantee was the second Duke of Buckingham of notorious fame, who died close by at Kirby-Moorside "in the worst inn's worst room," and who sold

Rievaulx to Sir Charles Duncombe. Of the stately Abbey little remains, but that little is so beautiful even in its decay, as to cause simple wonder at the barbarism of the "reforming" King and his tools, who would not even spare such proud proofs of their country's pre-eminence in the Arts. As Lefroy says in "The ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire"—

Beautiful indeed in its decay is the Abbey which now nestles in the heart of the valley. The church, like the wooded hills and distant purple moors, seems always to have been there. The lower part of the transept is clearly Norman. Where the nave should be are grass-grown heaps which cry aloud, and not, it is hoped, in vain, for excavation. These were part of the older and more truly Cistercian design. But the upper part of the transepts and the whole of the choir are Early English. Of the domestic buildings, the most conspicuous and interesting is the Refectory. Its peculiarity in being supported on a vaulted undercroft is clearly due to the abrupt declivity of the ground. In accordance with the invariable Cistercian practice, the Refectory at Rievaulx is at right angles with the cloister and not parallel as in other Benedictine Houses. This difference is accounted for by the fact that the Cistercian monks were their own cooks, taking this duty in turns. It was thus almost a necessity that the kitchen, as well as the buttery, should have direct communication with the cloister—the ordinary living room of the monks. As we look down from Lord Faversham's broad gallery of turf upon the roofs of the quiet village and the roofless walls of the Abbey, it is difficult to realise the wild thicket—the *locus vastæ solitudinis et horro- ris*, where the sons of St. Bernard "wrought in a sad sincerity," and, in accordance with their rule, dedicated their work to "St. Mary, Queen of Heaven and Earth." Of the many thoughts and facts we must content ourselves with two of special interest. Here in these blank and broken lancets glowed in the twelfth century some of the earliest English stained glass, and hence, in the days of Aelred, went forth the colony which founded the first Cistercian Abbey in Scotland, and to Walter Espec as well as to King David are art and poetry indebted for Melrose.

ELISABETH VERNON BLACKBURN.

Hand in Hand.

THERE was a fire in our neighbourhood the first night I passed at the Raymonds'. The alarm rang me out of sleep; and the next minute the engines rattled past. Scarcely had the ground ceased to tremble under their passage, when the darkness burst like the dusky calyx of a brilliant flower, and bloomed out rose red.

Mrs. Raymond came into my room with a Rob Roy tartan thrown on. It was October, and the nights were chilly. "Yes, the fire is in Cone Street," she said; "I thought so; but we couldn't see from our room."

As she stood, her stately form was defined by the illumination beyond it, and a glimmering nimbus curved around the silvery hair over her forehead. I lay and looked at her. I could willingly have looked at her all night, that beautiful old woman!—whose age was as the age of wine, and meant perfection, *bouquet* of character.

She looked out a little while in silence, then breathed a faint sigh. "It would be beautiful to see if it caused no suffering," she said.

"Yes!" I replied.

She stood a moment longer, then turned away from the window. Would she come to me? Yes, she came, laid a hand on my hair, bent down and kissed my forehead. "May the Lord bless us all, my dear!" she said. "Good-night!"

Mrs. Raymond seldom omitted that leave-taking with her friends, even when the parting was but for an hour. "An hour

may mean for ever," she used to say. "I have found that out in seventy years."

As she went like a peaceful vision, I thought of Leigh Hunt's *About Ben Adhem*, to whose room the angel came at night, making the moonlight in it "rich, and like a lily in bloom." Then thought grew dreamy ; and, as the rose outside changed to a passion-flower, I fell asleep under its trailing shadows.

The Raymonds lived in a charming suburban nook, among steep banks that shut them in from sight of neighbours, but not from hearing. With nothing visible but rocks, and trees, and gardens, listening there, one could hear the pulse of human life beat to and fro without. They had a gem of a cottage, pretty gardens crowded with flowers, a grapery, a Norway spruce-tree balanced by a catalpa, and an avenue of elms reaching from the terrace-steps, close to the portico, down to the gate. There were fifty elms, twenty-five on a side, and they all sprang high and clear from the ground, then bent and twined together in the air. I dreamed about them after I went to sleep the second time that night ; or, rather, my dream reproduced a real picture. I saw again that perfect pair as they walked down to welcome me when I came, the trees letting fall over them a slow, golden sprinkle of leaves, one by one. Both husband and wife were tall, nobly formed, healthy and silvery-haired, both beautiful with that beauty which comes from a cheerful piety, perfect love, and sympathy with each other, and the recollection of happy years. They had grown to look alike during the fifty years they had walked hand in hand, and only the woman's soft brown eyes and the man's blue ones showed that in youth one had been blond, the other a brunette. Again the sunset shone in their faces, bringing out the fine stippling that time had drawn there—lines for laughing sweet and merry, lines for thought, for patience, for sadness, for sorrow, but not one for hate, or wrath, or envy had the truthful graver left. And ever as he wrought the softer touch of faith and love had half effaced the marks. So in my

dream they came down again under the lofty arch of elms, with the light in their faces and in their shining hair. A peaceful vision ! But, as I stretched out my hands to it, it dissolved, and I awoke.

It was sunrise, glorious with colour and stillness, and a faint haze over the landscape made it look less like a morning than the picture of a morning. But, looking out, I saw that the elms, instead of their thick golden leafage, stood bare against the sky, bold sweep of sinewy limb and trembling hair-line of twig finely drawn on the azure background. In the stillness of the night, every leaf had dropped as plumb as if it had been a guinea, and under each tree its vertical shape was glowingly embossed on the greensward.

Going downstairs, I found my friends standing under a sweet-brier trellis just outside the door. They turned immediately, with a pleasant welcome. How gentle and tender their ways were ! And yet they were never indolent. "Without haste, and without rest," seemed to be their motto.

"It was the Willis' house, in Cone Street, that was burned," Mrs. Raymond said. "The family have not yet returned from their summer visiting and only one servant was there, so no one was much inconvenienced but the firemen. Everything was insured. Did you see the elms ? My husband was just quoting, *à propos*, from that poem on old age you read us last night :

'And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sunlight through.'

Look at the morning-glory trellis. It is all purple this morning. I like that colour best when this fine chill comes into the air. Pink is a spring colour."

I did not speak of the fire, since she had dropped the subject, for I knew that in the house that had been burned she had spent the first years of her married life, that there her five children had been born and had died. But after breakfast she asked me to walk round to Cone Street with her.

Mr. Raymond had an arm-chair and writing-table in an eastern bay-window of the sitting-room, and there his mornings were always spent, in reading and writing. "Fortunately, one's correspondence drops off a little when one gets to be seventy-five years old," he said. "I find that I cannot easily dispose of more than one letter in a day. But our friends are kind. We have piles of little notes that require no answer."

I sat by him while Mrs. Raymond went to attend to some household duties before going out. "How impossible it is to tell just why people are charming!" I said, as she left us. "If I say that Mrs. Raymond is beautiful, is good, that her nature is harmonious, still I have not described her."

"Don't try to," he replied, with a slow smile, leaning back and folding his hands together. "Indeed, I scarcely like to describe, or hear described, one I love, any more than I would like to see analyzed a flower I cherish. I would rather know of my friends only what they generously reveal or what I involuntarily perceive. To purposely study a character, one must be intrusive and inquisitive, must penetrate into recesses and reserves which should be sacred. There is a certain coarseness of feeling in it. Mrs. Browning says that 'being observed when observation is not sympathy, is just being tortured,' and she is right. To me, there is no companion more obnoxious than a person of that peering unscrupulous sort, who scans my form and features as if there were no sensitive, observant soul behind them, notes every word, act, impulse, and expression, and is, I know, all the time engaged in summing up my items, and labelling me as belonging to a certain class and genus. Besides, those are not the persons who understand human nature. That knowledge is best acquired by intuition, not inquisition. Souls are to be seen, as some stars are, by looking a little away from them. So treated, their shy beams become visible to you unawares."

I did not reply; and, as if recollecting that he might, unintentionally, have seemed to include me among the "obnoxious,"

he turned to me with a gracious smile that was half for me and half for her. "Elizabeth is sincere," he said, pronouncing the last word with a fulness and emphasis that arrested my attention to it. Instinctively, I glanced up at the genealogy of a word so impressively introduced. *Sine cerât*, without wax; therefore pure honey. It was a crown for a wife's head, that word spoken with such tenderness and honour.

She came in then tying on her bonnet. A wreath of purple velvet pansies lay in her hair, a full black veil fell around her shoulders, and a rich-hued cashmere shawl was wrapped about her.

She came to the window, laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and said, "Good-bye, dear!"

He echoed the words, they looked at each other with a momentary smile, then we went out.

The ruins of the fire were still smoking when we reached them, but not one stone nor timber was left standing. After a while we crossed the secluded street, and seated ourselves on a mossy rock a little back there among the trees. An old pine, with a crimson arabesque of vine running through it, stood guard over us and kept off the sun, the air was mellow and fragrant, and a bird sang now and then.

"Every room of that house was full of memories for me," she said, dreamily; and, with her cheek resting upon her hand, fell into a reverie which I did not seek to interrupt. I could guess how the walls were built up again by her imagination, how she crossed the threshold as a bride, how doors opened and shut, how chairs and tables and pictures came back to their places, how curtains waved or windows shook in the wind. She heard again the steps on the floor, the voices echoing, and saw the mirrors reflecting the faces.

Some sound or turn of thought dispelled the ghostly fabric; I could see in her eyes when it fell, and they saw only ashes. But the shock was not painful, only a solemn one. She raised

her eyes Heavenward, with a look of thankfulness, and her mouth softened with the reflection of a gladness too deep for smiles.

"Yes, human love is sweet and satisfying," she said, slowly. "I have found it so. With God, and one true friend, there is no earthly trial which we may not face with fortitude or even with cheerfulness. It is the only real blessing on earth, that companionship."

She mused a moment, then went on : "Some women say that they could more easily part with their husband than with their children. I could not ; and it seems to me that those who could must have been disappointed in their husbands. Our children are given us to train up, then to send forth into the world to live their own lives. However great may be the mutual love and care, still they have their own separate lives ; and the time comes when, as God Himself ordained, they leave us, and cleave to someone else, someone nearer to them than we are. But our partners we choose when both are mature, knowing why we choose, and it is our duty as well as our desire to be just with each other, to love and confide fully, and never to be separated. The most exacting love cannot ask for more than God permits and enjoins in the married couple. They are one, He says. Yet none has loved her children more truly than I did mine," her voice growing tremulous. "I had my hopes and dreams about them. I was a fond mother. But God's will is better than our wish ; and though I grieved, I was not made desolate when I was made childless, for my husband was left to me. If he had been taken—" She stopped, a slight motion expressive of sinking and faintness passed over her, a deathlike paleness chased the colour from her face. "Thank God!" she exclaimed, drawing a quick breath ; "He knows what we can bear. And now, child, forgive me for having made you weep." She stretched out her soft hand and laid it on mine. That always seemed such a favour from her.

"But your case was a happy exception," I said. "Most people are disappointed in love."

"I am afraid it is often their own fault," she answered, with a sigh. "I am sometimes astonished and terrified to see how people misuse that most sacred of gifts, the first affection of a human heart. How often is love made a subject of jest, even by those who would shrink from being thought coarse or thoughtless! No affection, however misplaced or unreasonable, should be ridiculed. It may be wrong, or pitiable, or tragical, but never laughable. How often the knowledge that one possesses such a power over the happiness of another touches the vanity instead of the heart, or wins contempt instead of gratitude! How often what was eagerly pursued, when doubtful, becomes worthless when won; not because it is really worth less than it seemed, but because the possessor is incapable of appreciating its value! With what cruel selfishness some desire and hold an affection which they can never reciprocate, treating the heart that helps to warm their lives as they treat the stove that warms their rooms, never thinking of it except when they miss it. What wonder if such find human affection unsatisfying? Why, the world is encumbered and embittered with wasted and insulted affection!"

I quoted Longfellow:

"Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted:
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

She shook her head gently: "For once, the poet missed his figure, and the truth. The affection that rises to God, like mist from water, does, indeed, return in refreshment. But human love flows out like a stream, and, if thrown back upon its source, carries desolation. That thought is contrary to nature and to Holy Writ. No; the mutual love of man and woman is the great harmonizer of life. It makes faith involuntary, not a

struggle. It elevates; it does not lower. If we truly love one, we are tenderer ever after of all others. Is God loved better, do you think, because there is so little harmonious love on earth? No! but less. I do not mean the passing fancy of a superficial admirer, nor the fitful sympathy of one who comes and goes, nor the divided friendship of one whose friendships are many, nor the flimsy romance that for an hour sees in you its visionary ideal; but the steadfast affection of one whose nature is like your own, who loves you next to God, and whose eyes are anointed to see the ideal you are capable of being, through all the faults of what you are. It has never seemed to me that the primary thought of God in creating men and women was that the earth should be peopled, but that they should be companions for each other. What did the Creator say? *'It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make him a help like unto himself.'* So human love was the crowning gift, without which even Paradise was not perfect. Since God was too immense for the heart of man to contain, and would scorch him to ashes if visibly possessed by Him, as Jove did Semele, an equal being was given, that we might see, 'as in a rose-bush, love's divine!'"

When she stopped, with her head raised, and a colour as rich as that of a June rose trembling in her cheeks, I bent and kissed her hand.

She smiled upon me: "If I were but sixteen years old, my dear, some might call what I have been saying romantic folly. But I am seventy, and I know. Trust me! Do not lose faith in your girlish dreams. They are true somewhere, if not here. Believe in every lovely and noble vision you ever had. If you must renounce them for a time, do it bravely, but trust the hereafter."

After a while, I ventured a question: "Will you tell me something of your marriage?"

"'Tis the old story," she said, smilingly; "only simpler and happier than most. Of course, I expected some one—girls

always do—but I expected him seriously. I used to pray for him, whoever he might be, and I studied, and acted, and kept myself with reference to him. I shrank from all jesting about love, and from girlish flirtations. I must go to him with a fresh heart. It never occurred to me to deceive him. If I had done wrong, I would have told him first. Well, I made one or two mistakes, thinking that the right one had come; but I soon found them out, and there was nothing to regret. At length, when I had begun to ask myself if there really was any such person, he came. When I first saw James, I knew at once that he was what I wanted. There was a season of terrible doubt as to whether I was what he wanted. Then, thanks be to God! I knew that I did suit him. And so we were married. How little it is, and how much!”

“How much!” she repeated presently, and looked up the road, as if some one there had spoken to her.

I had not heard a sound, but, following her glance, I saw Mr. Raymond coming to us.

She smiled, her face turned immovably his way. But, as her gaze dwelt, it lost its outward expression, and when he reached us she seemed to be more aware of his spiritual than his bodily presence. He was about to speak, but, glancing in her face, remained silent. He seated himself beside her as I rose, and held the hand she placed in his. The light October breeze became a living touch and a whisper, the sunshine a benediction, the overhanging pine tree, with its rubric of vine, was a scroll written with a glad promise. The two sat there, gazing at the ashes of their early home, and mentally trod that path again, from the coming of the bride, down through joyful and sorrowful times, till they reached their present selves. She felt instinctively when he came down and found her with white hair, and faded cheeks, and she sang softly, in a voice which had yet a tremulous sweetness:

“ Now we maun totter doun, John ;
But hand in hand we'll go ;

And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo ! ”

Her voice died to a silvery thread, her head drooped a little, till her withered cheek rested on his shoulder. The eyes of both were overflowing, but the skies on which they gazed touched their tears with light.

The next day I left them.

A month passed ; and it was drawing toward the last of November when I received a call to the Raymonds'. I must come quickly, the dear lady wrote. Her husband was ill, and at the point of death.

By some accident, the letter was delayed, and two days had passed before I stepped out at the familiar gate, and, with a trembling heart, hurried up the avenue. A friend met me at the door, and I did not need to be told that I was too late.

“ Mrs. Raymond is very quiet,” he said, “ but seems rather bewildered, and a great deal older. She does not weep, but says continually, ‘ The Lord knows ! The Lord knows best ! ’ as if something had surprised her, and happened differently from what she had expected. She is with him now. She sits there nearly all the time. I wish she would not, it is so cold ! ”

I waited restlessly for her to come out. It was too cold for her to stay long, and now a light snow, the first of the season, was falling, not from thickening skies, but in sunlighted flings, out of detached clouds sailing over.

When I could wait no longer, I opened the door of the great chilly room where the dead lay. There were flowers all about, and the curtains were up, letting in a light so bright that the candle-flames were almost invisible, and a large white crucifix standing there glowed as if wrought in gold. The upper half of one window was open, and before that lay stretched the husband, his peaceful face uncovered and touched with light. The wife

knelt beside him, her face hid in the pillow on which his head rested, her hand put up over his breast and clasping his hand.

I had opened the door gently, and she did not stir. I crossed the room with noiseless step, and stood beside her, not daring to speak, not having the heart to speak, but looking tearfully into that silent face. The light snow-flakes had drifted in and settled in his hair, scarcely seen in its whiteness. I glanced at those two hands, his and hers, clasped together on his breast. The floating snowflakes had settled there, too, over the fingers of both, *and they had not melted on either.*

So peacefully, so joyfully, they had both gone out, hand in hand,

“ Into the land of the great departed !
Into the Silent Land.”

M. A. TINCKER.

The Dream that was Youth.

THIS earth and I were young together.
The mad springtide, the tender dawn,
March dare and do, soft April weather,
Were born with me when I was born.
Sweet life was young and long a-growing,
Young life was pure as early morn,
And hope, with tender flowers a-blowing,
Took no thought o' th' hardening thorn.

To live as live the toilless lilies,
Was life's soft dream in time of seed,
Gold-prodigo as daffodillies,
Content with unthrift and unheed.
Now ended is the time of sowing,
And scorcht the summer-dainty mead,
And where the courtly rose was blowing,
A rank growth thrives of thorn and weed.

J. EASTWOOD KIDSON.

Merry Ireland.

SOME delightful Cork and Kerry "Humours," which lately appeared in a weekly paper, must have set many Irish brains agog with kindred recollections. The beggar's, "May the heavens be your bed to-night," recalled the same expression addressed to the present writer's grandmother (of pious memory), who exclaimed, oddly enough: "Oh, not so soon, my good woman, not so soon!" in a flutter of apprehension. A tender and truly national fancy belongs to the following remark of an old Cork woman, who, being in great grief, was told by her visitor not to take the trouble of coming to her cottage door at their parting. "Not open the *dure*, jule?" (jewel) she cried. "Isn't it yerself that'll open the *dure* av heaven to me? No, sure it isn't," she added. "Ye're young yet. I'll be gone before ye, an' it's me that'll open it for yerself."

The Aisht an' Wesht of the Kilnagross man is like a saying heard in Cork: "Shift the load to the Wesht an' the Southernmost Ass, Tim!" The points of the Compass, as a feature of dialect, specially belong to Cork. Here is another Cork speech. A girl was coming into the town. The old metal draw-bridge (since then said to have "gone to its forefathers") was raised as she came up. Afterwards she described her feelings at the sight of it thus: "Glory be to God, didn't I see the bridge *rare* (rear) up on its hind legs afore me? So I fell in a dead faint!" A certain Nellie Herd, like the patient in the "Humours of Cork," suffered from an elongated uvula. She maintained that it "must be what it was, a wurrm. Couldn't she feel it moving about?" With her, all her pains and aches (and she had many, poor soul,

for she was very rheumatic) were separate entities—active monsters who ran a ruthless rig through her little person, “beginnin’ here” (both her hands being on her left ribs) “and wrigglin’ through here” (the region of the stomach), “and then across wid him, and up me right side; and out wid him an’ me shouldher, like a fire, a-Sathurday night.” As children, we listened, spell-bound, to Nellie’s imaginative recitals of the rise, progress, and final disappearance of her ever-varying pain-monsters. If we laughed at the stories, she too laughed, but sadly—even bitterly—saying: “Yeez haven’t the pains yerselves, yer honors, or, throth, yeez ’ud know it’s the truth I’m tellin’ yeez.” It was delightful to hear Nellie recount her interview with the Dispensary Doctor—what she told him, and how he said he had the same himself, monsters and all! Nellie and her mother were Meath women, but they had Southern-Irish exuberance of fancy. On our asking the latter “whether it was worth while to bring the harriers up her way—were there any hares?” she replied: “It’s what the hares is thripping over one another in Danestown.” We went; but the nearest thing to a “find” was the discovery of one “cold form.” In a district in the north of Ireland there was a curious lack of imagination in the nomenclature of disease. A young Trinity College M.D., who took charge of the district during the illness of the local doctor, said that fully fifty per cent. of the patients declared that they were suffering from *Thrish*, or *the thrish* (? thrush); but if the name did not vary, the symptoms did. There were not two cases alike. “Thrish” might be external or internal, and in any part of the body. Adults and children were equally subject to it; and it might be the result of accident just as easily as it might develop—say in the stomach, the foot, or the eye—unaided by violence of any sort. The only other disease that one may describe as *popular* in the locality was “Shelcorn.” Almost every one not “bad with the thrish” described himself as “down with the shelcorn.” Shelcorn, judged by its varying “modes,” might be anything

from pleurisy to paralysis. In Meath, one who is very weak or sick is very "dunny," or "horrid dunny." In Cork, the word becomes "dawny." The dear old woman who talked about "opening the *dure* of heaven," said her husband had "the chronicle rheumatism;" and when asked why the poor old fellow could eat nothing, and could not even drink milk, she maintained it was because of "the chronicle inside." The doctor, she declared, had told her so. "Horrid," in place of *very*, is a word leading to curious combinations. "The mistress' fut's horrid small," said an enthusiastic retainer. "Sure, it's the horriddest smallest fut in the town!" (Townland, or property.) "The mistress" was, one day, greeted by the announcement that the new bull was "a horrid purty baste. We calls him Dido."

The grandmother aforesaid had a servant who used to say, in much pity, but with a spice of contempt, to any of the children who might be suffering from disabling but *safe* complaints, such as colds in the head, or toothache: "It 'ud be a charity to shoot yer, Avick!" A housemaid had graphic and original ways of describing "hard weather." Opening the shutters on an east-wind morning, she would say: "It 'ud skin a fairy to-day," or "It 'ud shave a rat." Another servant said to a little boy (now a learned leach), who was even in the nursery very fond of chemicals and liked *to taste* everything he dealt with: "If you go on that-a-way, Master Willie, you'll wake up some morning dead in your bed!"

Every one knows the Irish love of great descent. The reprint of the ancient laws and documents of Ireland shows that any time these fifteen centuries the learned were aware of the tradition that one of the earliest colonists of the Green Isle was the "niece of Japhet." In popular parlance, this foundress of the race has long been "Noah's niece," which makes for the existence of a second Ark! To foreigners (Sassannach, and others) the quiet, unforced oddity of Irish remarks is as funny as any

other quality in them. Two rough men were lounging on the esplanade at Bray. One accosted the other in a lazy, pleasant tone, holding a cold pipe in his hand: "Barney, have ye ere a match?" "No," said Barney. Then the other, in the same slow, friendly voice, added: "Well, d'ye know, Barney? you're not a man I care very much about when ye haven't got a match!" The unaccountable waywords are coined or altered, and the marvellous explanations furnished to inquiring minds, are as surprising as delightful. "I'm this minnit afther pickin' up this little whishtle on the *toe-path*," said a civil railway porter at Westlandrow Station, restoring a dog-whistle. Can the pavement have suggested any likeness to the *towing-path* of the canal? In Meath, a tall, active young woman is spoken of as "a fine, gallows girl." It seems to be a compliment, yet the speaker often drops his voice somewhat mysteriously over the word gallows. Dictionary English fails to supply so expressive an epithet for a person "ye can get no good of," as "stag." "A stag" also describes an overgrown, awkward, disoblighing youth. There goes ever a dash of ill-temper to make the perfect "stag," and he is described then, as "the very Puck." As the people who use these expressions freely are just the class who are least good at definitions, it is not a little hard to give their exact meaning. Here is a saying of a different class—merely an "agreeable blunder": An old lady with a bad cough said she was greatly troubled with the *brown cadis* (bronchitis). "Is it yer honor wants to know what's the manin' av 'Kithogue?' faix, it's a man that has the use of his lift hand more nor his right; for why, his heart's in the right side av him instead av the lift."

The Dublin carmen used to be famous for a ready wit. A son and daughter of that same grandmother had experience of it. The first, anxious to hear, years ago, how an election for a medical appointment had gone (Dr. Evory Kennedy, and eight others, competing), turned to his "jarvey" for information. "Every (evory) wan av the noine, sore, got it!" said the driver,

triumphing in his own pun. The daughter, being very angry with a slow-going cabman, thought to crush him and relieve her own exasperation at the same time, by a sarcasm ; so, handing him his but half-earned fare, she said severely : "As I'm in a hurry, I'll *walk*." The smiling reply, accompanied by a flourish of whip and reins, was : "Begorrah, ma'am, *I'll race ye!*" Another Dublin car-driver turned to his lady "fare," who had inquired, nervously, if his horse was not restive, with this explanation : "It's only whin he sees women, an' bits o' paper, *an' the like!*" Another carman cleverly revenged himself on a very elderly bridegroom, for shabby payment after an excursion, by turning to the young bride, and saying : "D'ye think, if ye asked him, yer Dedah (daddy) 'ud give me another shillin'?"

The following amusing blunder is characteristic. A servant was shown an old-fashioned black *silhouette*, and was told that it was Lady ——'s portrait, whereupon she exclaimed, heart-stricken : "Ye don't tell me the misthress' mother was a *naygur?*" (nigger). There was a beautiful loyalty about her consternation, that was truly Irish ! The present writer has what may be called family rights in all the foregoing anecdotes (save one), but this story from the cloak-room of a Dublin ball is *not* private property : An English officer complained that the hat given him on leaving was not his, adding : "Mine was a new hat !" Whereupon the servant in charge said, naïvely : "A *new* one, was it, sorr ? I'm afceerd all the new hats was gone an hour ago !" If one-half of the dis-united kingdom can be induced to laugh with the other, it might well be a prelude to happier relations !

E. M. LYNCH.

An Unmarked Festival.

THERE'S a feast undated, yet
Both our true lives hold it fast,—
The first day we ever met.
What a great day came and passed !
Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met ; you knew not me,
Mistress of your joys and fears :
Held my hand that held the key
Of the treasure of your years,
Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not it was I,
And I knew not it was you.
We have learned, as days went by.
But a flower struck root and grew
Underground, and no one knew.

Day of days ! unmarked it rose,
In whose hours we were to meet,
And forgotten passed. Who knows,
Was earth cold or sunny, sweet,
At the coming of your feet ?

One mere day, we thought ; the measure
Of such days the year fulfils.
Now, how dearly would we treasure
Something from its fields, its rills,
And its memorable hills ;

—But one leaf of oak or lime,
Or one blossom from its bowers
No one gathered at the time.
Oh, to keep that day of ours
By one relic of its flowers !

ALICE MEYNELL.

Father Hudlestone's Testimony.

IT will be remembered by "every sixth form boy" that Lord Macaulay, speaking of Charles II.'s reception into the Church on his death-bed, at the hands of Father Hudlestone says: "The honest monk was so illiterate that he did not know what he ought to say on an occasion of such importance; he, however, obtained some hints from a Portuguese Ecclesiastic, and, thus instructed, was brought up the back stairs." In refutation of this, a bookworm has unearthed the following narrative printed in 1688, and entitled "A brief account of particulars occurring at the happy death of our late Sovereign Lord King Charles II. in regard to religion, faithfully related by his then assistant Mr. John Hudlestone, Priest of the Holy Order of St. Bennet." At this time of Royal Commemorations it is interesting to give this unvarnished tale of a royal conversion more than two hundred years ago:

"Upon Thursday, the fifth of February, 1685, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I was sent for in haste to the Queen's back stairs at Whitehall, and desir'd to bring with me all things necessary for a dying person. Accordingly I came, and was ordered not to stir from thence till further notice. Being thus obliged to wait, and not having had time to bring along with me the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, I was in some anxiety how to procure it. In this conjuncture (the Divine Providence so disposing) Father Bento de Lemos, a Portuguese, came thither; and, understanding the circumstance I was in,

readily profer'd himself to go to St. James's, and bring the most Holy Sacrament along with him.

"Soon after his departure, I was call'd into the King's bed-chamber, where, approaching to the bed-side, and kneeling down, I in brief presented His Majesty with what service I could perform for God's honour, and the happiness of his soul, at this last moment, on which eternity depends. The King then declared himself, that he desired to die in the Faith and Communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church ; that he was most heartily sorry for all the sins of his life past, and particularly for that he had deferr'd his reconciliation so long ; that, through the merits of Christ's passion, he hoped for salvation. That he was in charity with all the world. That with all his heart he pardoned his enemies, and desired pardon of all those whom he had any ways offended ; and that if it pleased God to spare him longer life, he would amend it, detesting all sin.

"I then advertis'd His Majesty of the benefit and necessity of the Sacrament of Penance ; which advertisement the King most willingly embracing, made an exact confession of his whole life with exceeding compunction and tenderness of heart ; which ended, I desired him, in farther sign of repentance, and true sorrow for his sins, to say with me this little short act of contrition.

"'Oh my Lord God, with my whole heart and soul I detest all the sins of my life past, for the love of Thee, whom I love above all things ; and I firmly purpose, by thy Holy Grace, never to offend thee more. Amen, sweet Jesus, Amen. Into thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my soul ; mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy.'

"This he pronounced with a clear and audible voice : which done, and his Sacramental Penance admitted, I gave him Absolution.

"After some time thus spent, I asked His Majesty 'If he did not also desire to have the other Sacraments of the Holy Church administered to him ?' He reply'd, 'By all means ; I desire to

be partaker of all the helps and succours necessary and expedient for a Catholic Christian in my condition.' I added, 'And doth not Your Majesty also desire to receive the precious Body and Blood of our dear Saviour Jesus Christ in the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist?' His answer was this: 'If I am worthy, pray fail not to let me have it.' I then told him, 'It would be brought to him very speedily;' and desir'd His Majesty, that in the interim he would give me leave to proceed to the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. He reply'd, 'With all my heart.' I then anoyled him, which as soon as perform'd, I was call'd to the door, whither the Blessed Sacrament was now brought and delivered to me.

"Then returning to the King, I entreated His Majesty that he would prepare and dispose himself to receive. At which the King, raising up himself, said, 'Let me meet my Heavenly Lord in a better posture than in my bed.' But I humbly begg'd His Majesty to repose himself; God Almighty, who saw his heart, would accept of his good intention. The King then having again recited the fore-mentioned Act of Contrition with me, he received the most Holy Sacrament for his viaticum, with all the symptoms of devotion imaginable. The Communion being ended, I read the usual prayers, termed 'the recommendation of the soul,' appointed by the Church for Catholics in his condition. After which the King desir'd the Act of Contrition, 'O my Lord God, etc.,' to be repeated. This done, for his last spiritual encouragement I said: 'Your Majesty hath now received the comfort and benefit of all the Sacraments that a good Christian (ready to depart out of this world) can have, or desire. Now it rests only that you think upon the Death and Passion of our dear Saviour Jesus Christ, of which I present unto you this figure' (showing Him a crucifix). 'Lift up therefore the eyes of your soul, and represent to yourself your sweet Saviour here crucified, bowing down His head to kiss you; His arms stretched out to embrace you; His body and members all

bloody and pale with death to redeem you. And as you see Him dead and fixed upon the cross for our redemption, so have His remembrance fixed and fresh in your heart ; beseech Him with all humility, that His most precious blood may not be shed in vain for you ; and that it will please Him, by the merits of His bitter death and passion, to pardon and forgive you all your offences, and finally to receive your soul into His blessed hands ; and when it shall please Him to take it out of this transitory world, to grant you a joyful resurrection, and an eternal crown of glory in the next. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.'

"So recommending His Majesty on my knees, with all the transport of devotion I was able, to the Divine Mercy and Protection, I withdrew out of the chamber.

"In testimony of all which I hereunto subscribe my name.

"JO. HUDLESTONE."

Haydock Papers.

The Beginning of the End.

"EVEN in this preliminary stage of depravity, there were many outrages of which they were the unwilling witnesses ; much was done to shock all their best feelings, and much to fill the most thoughtless with horror. The churches, so long the spot to which the wearied spirit resorted to soothe its sorrows, represent its wants and renew its vigour at the altars at which its forefathers had worshipped and found life, and strength, and consolation, were now desecrated, and converted, some into unclean stables of the artillery horses, and some into shelters for the more unclean, profane drivers. In the principal church at Douay, dedicated to the memory of St. Peter, where the altar of the living God had stood, there arose the mountain, a heap of piled earth, the emblem of the most bloody faction of the Jacobins. Here their pestilent orgies were held, and hence were issued their lists of proscriptions that consigned to the dungeons or the scaffold some of the most deserving men of the age. Merit of most kinds was obnoxious to them, and a strong recommendation to be included in their proscriptions. The other churches were principally made subservient to the wants of the army on their immediate frontier. They held its provisions and its supplies. One that was filled to the roof with wheat in the straw took fire, and was burned to the ground, and its profaned steeple toppled into the street. Gangs of yelling savages were employed to destroy the statues, images, and pictures of the saints, and with long ropes to pull down the crosses from their pedestals. I

was a pleasure, however, to see that these degraded instruments of unprincipled infidels had few accomplices and few to applaud their almost infernal feats.

"Now another sad, harassing spectacle awaited them, the sight of the forcible ejection of the poor nuns from a neighbouring convent within their view, and even within their hearing. It was truly distressing to behold from the upper windows of the College the terror, the trouble, and confusion of those heartbroken religious, having no one to console them, no one to advise them; their anguish at departing, going for a few steps, then rapidly returning to take one more parting view of these scenes of their once happy and tranquil life, a lasting farewell of their beloved home, a home no longer to them; and at length thrust forth unmercifully into the wide public street to seek a resting-place they knew not where, and to find an asylum they knew not how. Whoever has seen a once peaceful hive suddenly disturbed or plundered, may have witnessed the consternation, the confusion, the helpless incertitude what to do or how to act, of this humble, laborious, and industrious insect; now fearful for the safety of its cells, fearful for its stores, and fearful even for its own very existence. Such a one may have some slight notion of the wretched outcast condition of these much-injured women, helpless as the bee, but without its sting. Their wailings and lamentations could never be obliterated from the memories of those who were the unwilling witnesses of this pitiable scene.

"Meanwhile, the condition of the College was not improved. There were many departures, but not one single recruit by way of reinforcement from England or elsewhere. It had the misfortune, moreover, to fall under the suspicion of the rulers, in common with every honest man who was not an abettor of the misdeeds at which humanity has now to blush. Its confidential servants were removed, and others substituted in their stead, on whom it could place no reliance. Even the few domestics that

were permitted to remain became objects of distrust. Was there no secret understanding between them and the authorities, that they were retained when others were expelled? Had they not consented to become spies as well as servants? Such was the problem to be solved, but no sufficient data were given to facilitate or insure a solution. Its porter disappeared, and in his place three others were assigned, so that there was no reason to complain of a deficiency in numbers. Their business was to note and examine everything entering or going out of the College. Their assiduity in their new calling was so exemplary as to gain from the students the name of "the three spiders," a just compliment due to them for the zeal and agility they displayed at their unaccustomed post. Besides the main door, near which the spiders were posted, there were two other outlets from the College grounds; both were now closed.

"By this arrangement it was vainly imagined that whatever the College possessed, or they coveted, was completely in their power. In this they reckoned without their host. Walls might be scaled, and they were scaled. Much valuable property, principally in plate, was conveyed beyond their reach by four of the philosophers, young men selected for that office from an opinion entertained of their prudence and daring. Their names were:—Richard Thompson, afterwards Vicar-General of the Lancashire District; Thomas Penswick, the writer's brother, subsequently Bishop of Europum and V. A. of the Northern District; John Clarkson, afterwards on the Mission at Ingatestone Hall in Essex; and William Lucas, who eventually joined the army, and for some years resided in Birmingham. They certainly ran great risk at such a time and in such an undertaking; but their courage never failed them, and they executed their task in a manner to ensure the full approbation of the superiors who employed them.*

* A few years before his death, the Very Rev. Vicar Thompson went over to France in company with some friends, and pointed out the places where

"The boa constrictor, it is said, does not usually destroy its victim at one fell grasp, but gradually encircles it, fold within fold, to secure its prey and prevent its escape. It then employs the lever of an irresistible muscular power by which it safely and securely effects its destruction. The College now began to feel the reptile tightening its cords around it. It foresaw danger, as who did not in those unhappy days? The proclamation of war against England, and the denunciation of death against all crowned heads did not mend the position. The Reign of Terror, as it was called, had then begun. Denunciation breathing blood and extermination was rife against everything that had hitherto been held sacred. Such menaces were ominous. The monsters of the Revolution did not deal in idle threats. The blow was often struck before the threat was issued. By the decided and atrocious measures of bold and unrelenting miscreants the public mind was paralysed with fear and sudden consternation. Even the best intentioned knew not how to act, or when to offer an available resistance. The axe which fell upon the neck of the French monarch fell with stunning effect upon the heads of all his subjects not actually involved in the guilt of this murder. Every man stood aghast, and, as it were, petrified on the first intelligence that a most foul act had been done, which would have been deemed and declared to be impossible if it had not been already effected. Men knew not what to think or what to

the treasure had been deposited. It was evident that some of the hiding places had been discovered, and a portion of the treasure, principally church plate, taken away. The remainder, from information furnished by Mr Thompson, and Mr. Penswick himself, who had accidentally witnessed the secretion through a key-hole, and had been soundly rated for his inquisitiveness, was afterwards recovered by the Right Rev. Mgr. Searle, who, in the spring of the year 1868, obtained permission from the Emperor Napoleon III. to search for it. These relics of the illustrious seminary, consisting principally of plate for the service of the refectory, were divided into three portions and distributed to the three Colleges, Ushaw, Old Hall Green, and Oscott. On many of the pieces are engraved the armorial bearings of the Duke of Norfolk, and of other old Catholic families.

expect. Human life had become cheap. It had been wrested from the chief and his much abused consort ; why should it be respected in the subordinate? Henceforward, in each man's case life hung on a contingency. Power alone conferred right ; and woe to the wretched being who fell under the ban or displeasure of the powerful. An old grudge, a present pique, or even an inconvenient debt, might in the confusion of right and wrong instigate to a judicial murder. Arrests were multiplied and were accompanied by revolting circumstances. A municipal officer, girt with his sash of office, and attended by his followers and a train of musicians playing "*Ça ira*," or the Hymn of the Marseillais, usually at the close of the day, called at the house of him who had the misfortune to be suspected or denounced, placed seals on all his effects, claimed his victim, and forthwith escorted him to prison. Hope might wish him a safe deliverance, but in those days there was more of despondency than of hope.

"These scenes were so often repeated in various towns, and followed by so many executions in those days of terror, that men's hearts absolutely sank within them. They could have no enjoyment of to-day, who were in perpetual fear of what might occur on the morrow ; or if they had enjoyment, it must have been of a very vague, faint, temperate kind, the poor satisfaction that they had been spared another day.

' Ille potens sui,
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, Vixi.' Horace, *Od.* 3, 29, 42.

"Under such circumstances it may reasonably be asked, why confront and widen the danger when we had the power to withdraw from it? A reasonable question truly. Yet there was one most important consideration of weight to override and overrule, in the estimation of the superiors of the house, every undue attention to personal interests or personal safety. The prosperity

and welfare of the largest establishment connected with the Catholic body in England had been entrusted to their prudence and active vigilance. Its very existence depended on their firmness. Had they withdrawn like many of the emigrants, who in the terror of the moment purchased safety by the sacrifice of the whole of their property, then indeed the most disastrous consequences would have ensued. The College with all its appurtenances being found untenanted, would have been treated as a derelict, and confiscated, and appropriation of it to national purposes would have been the immediate result. Such a consummation would have entailed, if not absolute ruin, at least a most serious and awful loss to the English Mission. They had then no other alternative. A crisis had arrived of absorbing interest, and on their decision might depend consequences that were absolutely immeasurable. To their honour be it said, they never faltered in their determination for a single moment. To one final resolve they arrived, and from it they never swerved—
'The College must be retained at all hazards.'

"To these pious and determined men, no other conclusion was admissible. On their firmness depended the welfare, not of the College alone, but of the English Mission, which had received its supply of priests principally from that establishment. If from their faint-heartedness or indecision it was unfortunately lost, from what other source could the necessary supply of priests be obtained? The Society of Jesus had been abolished. The Franciscans and Dominicans were few, and perhaps declining in numbers and strength; the Benedictines were more numerous, but had no superfluity of disposable members; they had no more than were sufficient to supply the wants of their own monasteries and of the chapelries which they had founded, or which had been committed to their care. The secular establishments abroad did not supply collectively as many priests for the English Mission as the one effective college at Douay. It was then the hope and the main prop of the Catholics of England. It must

therefore be retained at all hazards ; and none could be more vividly convinced of the importance of retaining such an establishment, nor more thoroughly impressed with the responsibility that rested upon themselves in such an emergency, irrespective of every selfish consideration, than the very anxious superiors to whose earnest care and unflinching energy its safety had been committed. Few in England can now have a conception of the many complicated and distressing difficulties with which the superiors were beset, nor the stern opposition they had to encounter and surmount. From the favour of the bloodthirsty government which then ruled France, they had absolutely nothing to hope, and little, if anything, from their scant sense of justice. Debarred from even the hope of aid from home, or from the assistance of friends on the Continent, with whom on account of the war they could hold no longer any communication, their sole reliance must henceforth be on Providence, and on their own earnest exertions. Several courses were open to them, but no plan of procedure could be devised which did not involve them in some painful dilemma. They might in a body, like the Scotch and Irish, withdraw in safety beyond the frontier ; or, like the Benedictines, dismiss the main body of students, and only retain a small number of the superiors to hold possession of the College. Both of these expedients, particularly the first, appeared to be exceptionable, inasmuch as they exposed the College to the risk of confiscation. A last resource remained, viz., to confront danger in a body, and to await the result. But this resource, precarious as it was, had its serious inconveniences, of which we had been reminded by what had recently occurred at the English College of St. Omer.

“The superiors of that College had a short time previously been separated from their students and thrown into prison, upon the strength of a dropped letter, accidentally, as it was pretended, found in the streets ; and from this rigid confinement they were not delivered until after a long interval, during which the accusa-

tions made against them were proved to be futile or unfounded. In the interim, the College boys were committed to the care of certain clergymen who had taken the constitutional oath, and who came consequently under the ban of their rightful bishop. To such men, it may well be supposed, the students did not pay a ready or a willing obedience, and they often amused us in our common prison at Dourlens with the recital of the various pranks they played with their intended superiors. Yet, however good the conduct of the boys might have been, and was, under the anomalous government to which they had been subjected, a recurrence of such a restraint upon conscience, and a like exposure to the schismatical contamination were greatly to be deprecated, and by every lawful means to be prevented. The boys of St. Omer's, from the great distance of that town from the frontier, had no available means of escaping from their state of thralldom and forced subjection to their present ill-suited and ill-suiting professors ; and if the incarceration of their own superiors had been greatly prolonged, it is impossible now to say what unpleasant consequences might have ensued.

"The episode about the St. Omerians demonstrated clearly enough the risks and inconveniences of the last-mentioned plan. But did not our own voluntary prolonged abode at Douay imply an equal risk? A risk certainly, but not an equal risk. The cases were not quite parallel. We stood on more favourable ground. Should it have pleased the sovereign people of France to subject us to a like degraded and degrading misrule, and removing our superiors from us to detain them prisoners in a distant stronghold, unless some very rigorous measures had been adopted against us (such as had never yet been dealt out to us, and such as we had no reason to apprehend), the day of their imprisonment would have been the date of our arrival in a compact body at Orchies, an imperial town, distant from Douay about twelve English miles. There we should have been sheltered from French insolence and French persecution. But

a question may be raised—why not adopt this reasonable policy while the means of realizing it was within your reach? Your case was all but desperate; your prospects dark and dreary, scarcely admitting the faintest ray of hope. Was it prudent to encounter evident and imminent danger when it was within your power easily to withdraw from it? Perhaps there was imprudence, and even great imprudence, of which the strong desire of retaining the College at all hazards can form the only fit excuse. Perhaps, also, there was a deficiency of energetic resolve in our very worthy president [the Rev. Jno. Daniel], who, having passed nearly the whole of his long life within the precincts of the College, from which he never had been absent for a whole continuous month—nor perhaps for a week—could not bear the idea of a separation from it. Great allowances must be made for his indecision in consideration of his strong attachments. Could he have surmised that the College had been lost through his own want of perseverance, that imagination, slender and groundless though it might be, would have been fatal to his peace, and perhaps to his life.

“There was another obstruction to the safe and smooth working of the last-mentioned plan, that had its weight in the scale of conflicting difficulties. Our treasury was low, and there was no way of replenishing it either from the funds in France, which had been confiscated and withheld from us, or from payments from England, which from the time since the war was declared could by no possibility be conveyed to us. The payment of a cheque from an English bank by a banker in France would have been the death-warrant of the unfortunate and inconsiderate banker. Add to this the depreciation of paper assignats, amounting to more than four hundred per cent., and its consequence, a quadruple expenditure, and we may thence form an idea of the utter impossibility of providing every individual student with the slenderest means of arriving at his home. No alternative was left but casual charity on the road to

enable those who escaped to reach the English shore. So faint a resource could afford no soothing satisfaction to the feelings of our superiors, and we need not be surprised that, if they opposed no great hindrance to the departure of those who deemed it imprudent to remain, they gave it no great encouragement. It was plain that the choice of expedients had become the choice of evils, and it was difficult to determine which of these in preference to the rest we were ultimately to select and adopt.

“At length our deliberations were fated to have a sudden close by the startling and unexpected intelligence that we were to be expelled from Douay as useless mouths in a town declared to be in danger of siege. This was a final and fatal blow, upsetting and dissipating the shadowy hopes that the most sanguine temperaments alone could have entertained. In pursuance of the municipal mandate of expulsion, we were ordered to name our place of refuge, and Lens, a small town at the distance of a day's journey, was selected; and no exceptions being made to the place of our choice, we received our passports to repair thither.

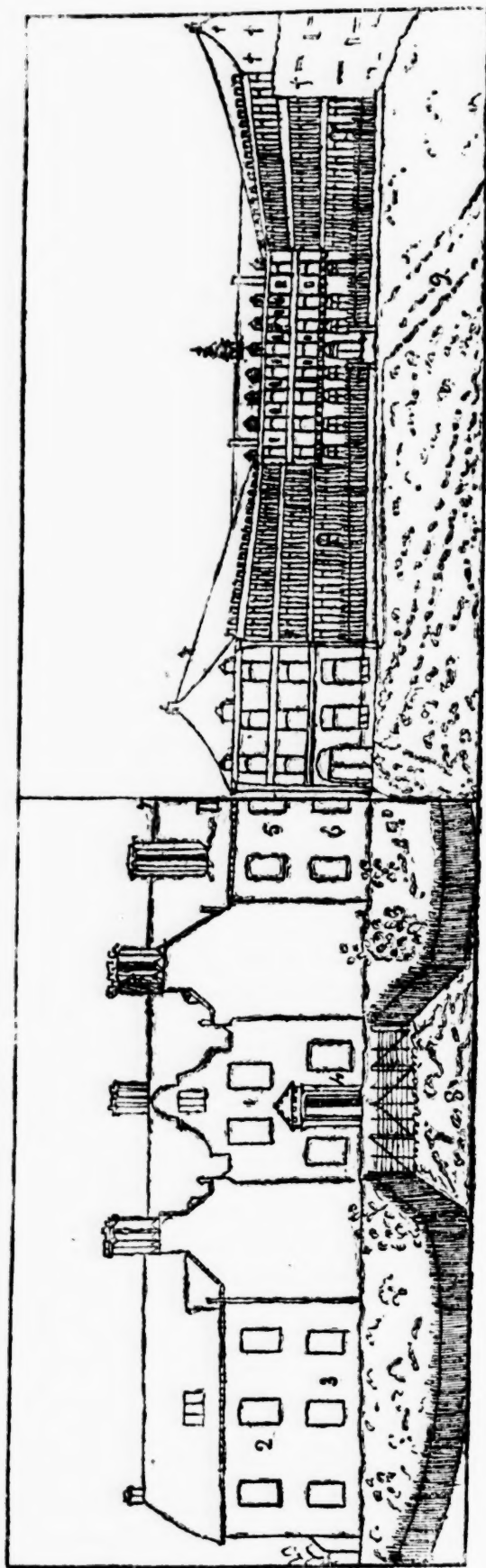
“Leaving Douay we stopped at Esquerchin, our country house, distant about three miles, which was not greatly out of our own way. There we remained unmolested during some months with the knowledge and sufferance of the town's authorities, and I almost imagine that it would not have broken the hearts of some of those gentlemen if we had taken that favourable opportunity of making our final escape. Had they no sympathy with the inmates of a college, who, in succession at least, had been fellow-citizens with them or theirs, not for years merely, but for ages? If not, why did they tolerate our remaining so many months in a spot not indicated in our passports, but whence escape was so easy?

“We remained, as I have just stated, some months at Esquerchin, and during our abode there we were very close witnesses of the march of the French army to encounter the

Duke of York, at the disastrous siege of Dunkirk. Some of the republican cavalry passed through our village. In the eyes of some of the upper officers of the French army with whom our superiors had an opportunity of conversing, the move of the Duke was opposed to every rule of military strategy, and in this opinion the Prince of Cobourg, who commanded the Imperialists, it was said, entirely coincided.

"The defeat of the English army freed Douay from the danger of an impending siege, but we were not recalled. Something worse than neglect seemed to be hanging over us. It could not be favourable to us, but from the temper of the times might and must be disastrous. It then became the firm conviction of those who thought at all, that our past patient endurance had been carried to the utmost extent warranted by common prudence, and perhaps to a point beyond it, and that nothing was to be obtained favourable to our college interests by remaining a day longer. This conviction had its just weight with many most valuable men, such as the Revv. Messrs. Lancaster, Worswick, Peach, Bell, and others, who slipped away without leave-taking.

"Such, I strongly suspect, would have been the course of many who were left behind, if money, the great lever which is said to move nations and armies, had not been wanting. It might be in the power of the procurator to afford some small aid to the first applicants, but the whole contents of his exchequer would have been inadequate to supply even a trifling sum to each individual. There are some natures, indeed, in which it seems to be engrafted to hope against hope. The president was against the immediate flight, and with him of course were ranged the different professors who were unwilling to abandon him. Then there was a feeling that if the students departed, the inevitable consequence would be that the superiors would be thrown into prison in common with all the respectable ecclesiastics who were known to remain in France. This was an appeal to our feelings, which was almost irresistible. Even



SKETCH OF ST. OMER'S COLLEGE.

ERECTED IN 1685 TO REPLACE THE BUILDING BURNT DOWN IN 1684; AGAIN PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1725,
AND RESTORED IN 1727.

those who were thoroughly convinced of the futility of the president's hopes were content to abide the common risk with all its disheartening prospects, and to await the issue a little while longer. When hope was almost or rather quite extinguished, then did the tide of emigration set outwards.

"Gradually, but perceptibly, our numbers diminished, and the retirement of men in divinity and in the higher classes, who were well known not to be deficient in courage, was beginning to create a feeling of personal insecurity, or rather of impending danger to those who remained. But before the conviction had full time to operate, we received an unexpected invitation from the municipal authorities to return to the town, and to resume possession of our College. Such an invitation, preceded by no expression of feeling for the inconveniences and losses to which we had been subjected, the realization of no previous promise, but singularly dry and abrupt, seemed to some of us a very equivocal concession that boded us no good. Over these just apprehensions, our orderly habits of obedience prevailed. The order was given to us by the president to repair immediately to the town, contrary to the expressed opinion of some and the inward convictions of more. Reluctantly enough some of us entered within the walls of the town, and were not greatly surprised to find that we had entered only to be entrapped."

The Confiscation of the College.

"Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly look'd their last."

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

"Soon we were taught how mistaken our confidence had been. After a short delay, allowed probably to encourage those to enter

who had been detained in forwarding our efforts from Esquerchin, a municipal officer, having taken the previous precaution of surrounding the College and all its outlets with bands of armed men, entered the College about nine at night, when the superiors were at supper, and many of the boys, wearied with their labours and disquietude, had retired to rest, and announced to us his orders to remove us at once to the Scottish College, and into close confinement.

“ On hearing this decree, the first idea that suggested itself to us was to escape from the premises in the dark, in the almost forlorn hope of finding some means of passing the town's gates on the morrow. This, at the first attempt, was discovered to be an impracticable measure. The next was to call up those who had retired to rest, and in conjunction with them to secure as much of our wardrobes, etc., public and private, as we could convey away unnoticed. The officer was very urgent that we should hasten our departure, without any solicitude about our clothing or other effects, giving us his assurance that all should be safely sent after us. To this notification, taking it for what it was worth, we paid no attention, but collected what we could in the very few moments allowed us for assembling. Some clothes, which were afterwards found to be eminently useful, were procured from the tailors' apartments, and a small amount of silver utensils, which, to avoid suspicion, had not been removed from daily use. When the patience of those appointed to escort us, which was by no means extraordinary, was exhausted, word was given to us to pass instantly into the streets, and thence, enclosed by two serried ranks of military, who were rigidly strict in the performance of their charge, we were marched quickly into the Scotch college, which having entered, our claims to our own establishment were declared to be extinct. In effect, it had been confiscated. From that fatal night we may date the final downfall of the noble English Secular College of Douay.

“ Stripped of the support of all thy various aids of instruction and

everything that had hallowed thy previous existence, poor *alma mater*, thine was a cruel and unmerited doom ; but thou hadst, and deservedst to have, many sincere mourners. The end was *qualis ab incepto*. Nursed and cradled in adversity and unremitting suffering ; pursued throughout almost thy entire duration by the merciless laws and refined barbarity of a merciless princess, and harassed by the atrocious and insatiate hostility of succeeding governments, who thought they did an agreeable thing to God by hunting thy noblest sons to a cruel death ;—all those unnatural but vain attempts to crush out thy very existence thou couldst bear and didst bear. But when the sanguinary laws that had been created against thee had at length been cancelled, or greatly modified, then in almost the first moments of thy peaceful rest, in the very dawn of thy hopes, in the midst of thy aspirations after labour untrammelled by fears of prison or death, a storm arose from an unexpected quarter in which thou hadst hitherto been kindly fostered, cherished, and protected. Not France, once the soul of honour and unbending integrity, dealt thee thy death-blow ; but the most worthless of her sons, profiting by the explosion of a sanguinary revolution, rose like the Seine to the surface, and wresting the reins of government from feeble hands, rioted then in every excess that can degrade the name of man. Their envenomed darts were ever aimed at a noble quarry, and thou, in common with the best, sankst under them. Thy virtues were the occasion of thy fall. Never stain nor spot has tarnished thy unblemished escutcheon. Farewell, then, kind *alma mater* ; farewell, a long farewell.

“ Here my task is ended. What followed has been recorded by one who kept a regular journal of events.* As far as I recollect, it is meagre in details, as might be expected from one who had so little communication with externals. The boys, if they had

* Narrative of the seizure of Douay College, and of the deportation of the seniors, professors, and students, to Dourlens. By the Rev. Joseph Hodgson, V.G.L.D., in a letter to a friend. *Catholic Magazine*, vol. I., 1831.

chosen, could have supplied him with more abundant particulars, but the opportunity has now passed, and his must continue to be the only register of these events. Some more last words, I find, are expected from me, at least in explanation ; be it so, provided they be short.

‘ Sicut.

Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcumque potest atque addit acervo.’

“ It has been asked, were there no grounds for accusation, real or insufficient, for the expostulation of the town’s officers, to which the memorial of Mr. Dillon was the authorised reply ? The only grounds, known to the students at least, were certain letters addressed by Dr. Coombes to the editor of one of the royalist newspapers that had a considerable circulation throughout France. In them he expresses the strong indignation felt by every Englishman at certain acts of the first Assembly, and their deplorable consequences, and exhibits himself as sufficiently authorised by the general feeling to convey these sentiments to the public. These letters, I believe, were forcibly written, and described in no measured terms the author’s aversion from the violent proceedings of the Assembly. Dr. Coombes was then a very young man, an accomplished scholar, and an excellent linguist ; but he was indiscreet, and had not much tact. When it became known to the superiors that he was in communication with the newspapers, he was ordered immediately to desist. Although by his obedience he might make his peace with his superiors, he was less happy with the powers that then ruled. The question was often put to us by persons in authority, ‘ Is Crombs ’ (for so they called him) ‘ still with you ? ’ and on our replying no, that he was in England, for he was one of those who escaped on the road to Arras when our guards were regaling themselves in the canteen, the invariable remark was ‘ It is well for him,’ intimating, as we understood them, that he would have paid for his imprudence with the forfeiture of his

head. I know no other ground on which the accusation made against us could rest, unless it were on our known hostility to the vice and irreligion that then prevailed.

"I may relate an anecdote about which I think the writer of the journal is silent, because it was personal, and reflected honour upon himself. During those awful times there was no unconstitutional priest known to be in the vicinity of Dourlens. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, lying on his sick-bed in imminent danger of death, was extremely anxious for the services of a priest. Fixing upon some dragoons in our garrison as best able to assist him, he prevailed upon them to bring one out of the citadel, in the disguise of their uniform, when one of their company was stationed as guard at the outer gate. Mr. Hodgson was the person selected, and while the soldiers were attiring him in the gallery, into which our room door opened, he dispersed all the boys in various quarters, upon some pretence or other, the better to conceal his departure. Unfortunately I returned, having forgotten something, to the displeasure of Mr. Hodgson, who was rather cross, ordering me to say nothing of what I saw, but not to the discomfiture of at least one of the soldiers, who knew that I had been privy to some of his escapades of the same sort, and to secure my silence had offered to take me out in the same disguise whenever I chose. This offer I declined, and he was content with my assurance that I would not betray him. In revenge for my being scolded, I will say that I never saw an uglier dragoon than Mr. Hodgson, nor a more awkward recruit. But although he figured indifferently as a soldier, he was at home in his duties, which happily for the sick man and for himself he completed, escaping detection. An alarm indeed was given during the procedure that the commander was coming, but it appeared that he only called to see his sick friend, and during his stay Mr. Hodgson was concealed under a bed in the garret, not knowing meanwhile whether he was not personally indebted for this gracious call.

"I may record an incident in the edifying life of the late Right Rev. Bishop Poynter, which, as far as I know, has not been noticed elsewhere. When our restrictions in matters of space and recreation ground, which had been imposed on account of the escape of so many of our companions, and to prevent the flight of more, had been somewhat relaxed, and a wider circuit had been conceded for air and exercise, Mr. Poynter, profiting by this indulgence, ascended the walled ramparts which separated the two citadels, and, in full view of both, calmly, quietly, and composedly recited there for a time, almost daily, the divine office. His purpose appeared to us to be two-fold, viz., to testify by this noble demonstration his obedience to God in almost the worst times, his adherence to his own personal duties irrespective of consequences to himself, and to console and reanimate the faltering courage of so many French captives, to whom hope had become almost an entire stranger. If such were his object, he succeeded. When better times followed they often expressed to us their great admiration of his noble conduct, and their grateful thanks for the well-timed edification he had given them. Does not his behaviour show that the spirit that animated the pious originators of our noble College, founded at the expense of so many personal sacrifices, which supported their admirable successors under the terrors of imprisonment and death, had not deserted its own house at its close? May the same divine spirit continue to shed its blessings on the affiliation of that once favoured home.

"It may be objected that the shadowing I have delineated of the excesses and horrors of the first revolution are too dark, and have been unduly exaggerated. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that the description I have given is lenient and understated. It is one thing to hear of tyrannical proceedings, and another to smart under their infliction.

‘Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quid
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.’

“With this observation I beg leave to make my bow and retire,
repeating as we were wont—

‘Laus Deo Semper.’”

JOSEPH GILLOW.

Obiter Dicta.

WE introduce Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla to such of our readers as had not an opportunity of seeing him during his brief stay in London. The life-like portrait, which appears as our frontispiece, is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. Barrand, whose studio in Oxford Street, monsignor, like all other celebrities, visited while in town. A replica of this portrait, we may add, has a place reserved for it in the album of the Queen.

Sir George Campbell found that he had caught a Tartar when he tried to tackle Sir James Ferguson about the Pope's Envoy. As a matter of fact, the Envoy-Extraordinary was the bearer, not only of a present to the Queen, but also of a message. The last thing the Pope said to him was—"Assure Her Majesty of my constant solicitude for the welfare of her people, and that my chief difficulty is in getting really reliable information upon English affairs." His Excellency is a rather short, but a very distinguished-looking man, who does not know a word of English. He has returned to Rome delighted with the way in which he was received here. Besides dining and sleeping at Windsor, he went several times to Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, and was entertained by the leading Catholic Peers. And, if he did not see Buffalo Bill, he went to the Japanese Village and to Madame Tussaud's.

One Friday evening I was rather surprised to get a ticket for the House of Commons' stand at Aldershot to witness the great Jubilee Review. Each member had received two tickets, one for himself and one nominally for his wife. A Tory friend of mine, not having a wife, had the happy idea of asking me to go with him in that capacity. I was glad enough to go, and according to instructions was at Waterloo at 8.30 the next morning, and asking for the House of Commons' special train. In the same carriage with me was my friend, and two other young, very young Tory members, whose conversation caused me not a little amusement. I don't think either of them spoke till we got to Woking, and were passing the great Necropolis in which so many tired Londoners find their last rest. Then one of them, an overgrown curly-headed boy, ejaculated: "What a swinging profit those funeral people make." His companion was silent for a minute, and then said, "Of course they make a profit—what else should they bury people for?" This retort seemed unanswerable, and the speaker, after looking steadily out of the window for a couple of minutes, pursued his advantage, saying gravely, "Do you suppose any fellow would start a concern of this sort for any thing but profit? do you think a man would begin collecting corpses for amusement, or merely for something to do?" The curly-headed youth, thus pressed, said thoughtfully at last, "But you see they get a lot of profit—pounds for one grave." His companion reflected, and then urged, "They are a long time out of their money. They didn't get the land for nothing, and they can't make a penny out of any yard of it till there is a coffin underneath it." I thought this was getting rather gruesome, so throwing down my "Times," I plunged into the conversation, and I suspect gave the young legislators some ideas, and, as they both took notes, there will probably be a new Burials Bill before the House next session. By this time we had reached Aldershot station, and then we found any number of big drags, labelled "House of Commons,"

to take us to the review ground. As our destination was only two miles away, I thought the twelve shillings we were charged for our tickets for these conveyances was pretty stiff—however, we were not in a humour to grumble, and so clamoured to the top of one of them, and off we went. The authorities had carefully provided us with drags, with horses, and with drivers, but had not taken the precaution of seeing that the drivers knew their way. Our drag was off first, and the driver, whose usual field of operation is along Piccadilly, started boldly, but, when we had gone about a mile and a half over the heather and sand, he quietly came to a standstill, and dropping the reins began to wonder whether he had come the right way. What explanations or excuses he may have had to give I don't know, for the wrath of a Scotch member was exceeding loud. And the worst of it was that we had to submit to the abuse of the occupants of two other drags who had followed us into the wilderness, supposing that we knew all about it. Finally, we had to retrace our steps, or rather our tracks, and at last dismounting, under the escort of friendly hussars, we made a short cut across the sand to the grand stand. We found ourselves excellently placed, just to the left of the saluting base.

And what a sight it was! Away to the left, at the far end of the long valley, the massed thousands of troops lay like a lake of steel which, with every movement, flashed into splendour. Then came the endless line of troops in double companies, filing past the Queen. Hour after hour went by, and still the troops marched past, winning the applause and cheers of the spectators by the perfect steadiness of their step. The Foot Guards and Marines had gone past before we arrived, but still the splendid

line of steel seemed as though it were interminable. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the dust, and no doubt in the far part of the valley, in no inch of which is there so much as a single blade of grass, or vegetation of any kind, the dust was inconvenient enough, but it never interfered for a moment with the pleasure or the comfort of the spectators. The wind was blowing away from the stands and a broad belt of the valley, which is a very good imitation of the Soudan desert, had been carefully and plentifully watered. Of course the Scotch regiments seemed the most popular, and even the screaming of their own bagpipes was drowned in the general cheering as the Cameron Highlanders went by. At last the infantry had all passed and saluted the Queen, and then came the cavalry and the artillery and the commissariat department. While these last were marching by, the whole body of the cavalry had swept round the valley and re-appeared upon the opposite ridge. Then on they came, a moving mile of glittering steel with their flanks at either end lost in moving clouds of dust. Then the sharp note of the bugle sounds a halt, and the whole force salutes the Queen, and the Jubilee Review is over. I may note that the sixty thousand men on the ground took as nearly as possible three hours to pass before the Royal Standard. The moment Her Majesty, surrounded by her escort of Indian Princes, had driven off the ground, there was a general rush for the station. We made our way to our drag with as little delay as possible, but already the Aldershot Station was besieged by a surging crowd. Happily, the police made a lane which our "members' tickets" enabled us to pass down to where the special train was waiting.

The theatrical world is so dull just now that it was with some little expectation that I accepted an invitation to Lady Freake's

to see a private performance of the "Country Girl." It was a queer selection, you will think, of a play to act for the sake of a charity. Indeed, I doubt if ever a play of Wycherly's were acted for such a purpose before. On this occasion, however, not only was the Caroline dramatist made to do service for a nunnery, but the "Country Girl" was a means of bringing together the devotees of rival religions upon a common platform. For the performance at Lady Freake's was partly in aid of a Catholic Convent in Hereford, and partly to help St. Peter's Ragged Schools, London Docks, an establishment conducted upon high Anglican principles. However, I may say at once that the play was carefully expurgated, and so robbed of the deformities by which the name of Wycherly is mainly known to the present generation of Englishmen. The pretty little theatre which is attached to Cromwell House was very tastefully decorated for the occasion, and evidently no pains had been spared on the dresses and scenery. The leading part was entrusted to Miss Freake, daughter of Sir Thomas Freake, and was in very capable hands. Miss Freake is quite young, and if I may hazard a guess upon such a delicate question, I should say not more than eighteen or nineteen. Her acting was full of vigour and character and promise, and, above all, of humour. Indeed, the piece never flagged for a moment, and in its Cromwell House dress, one of the coarsest of Wycherly's dramas seemed the brightest and pleasantest of drawing-room pieces. Miss Freake was ably supported by Mr. Lionel Rignold, who, as the jealous guardian, made an excellent foil to "Peggy's" pranks. By the way, there is an excellent portrait of Miss Freake hanging in the hall at Cromwell House, but I did not catch the name of the artist. One novel feature in the theatre was a punkah which was swinging Indian fashion from the roof. I cannot say I thought it a success; the waves of hot air came beating into my face, certainly, but then it was hot air, and I was sincerely glad when the windows were opened. As the theatre was pretty full

and the tickets were a guinea each, I hope the nuns and the ragged boys between them made a good sum out of Wycherly.

Ouida has come and gone. Society cannot live without lions, and there is as much amusement sometimes to be got out of little lions as out of big ones. Ouida is not a star of the first magnitude—not anywhere in the social Heavens beside, for instance, Buffalo Bill. Still, a certain number of people like to see a lady whom they raved about when they were in their teens, and knew no better. It is a commonplace that people—especially women—who write romance never look it. Helen Mathers, perhaps, *does* appear to be perpetually “coming through the rye” to meet her fate. But what could be more prosy than Miss Braddon, except, perhaps, her husband, Mr. Maxwell? And as for George Elliot, experts in noses quarrel whether hers was more like Dante’s or Cardinal Newman’s, but it was certainly quite unlike that of any of her heroines. And as Ouida has outdone all her sisters in romanticism, so she outdoes them all in the emphasis with which her appearance in the flesh belies her ideals on paper. She is an exceptional author, too, inasmuch as she can talk as fast as she writes. This bores some people, especially busy people. It is for this reason, perhaps, that some of our politicians for whom Ouida has displayed a flattering partiality have almost proved themselves statesmen in their agility in evading her. Various stories are told to illustrate this phase of her recent stay among us. Having made the acquaintance of Lord Granville, Ouida kept no secret of her wish to know Lord Salisbury. One day, as luck would have it, Lord Granville and Lord Salisbury were travelling by the same train, and had just taken their seats in the same carriage, when Ouida appeared.

Lord Granville had time to exchange words with his fellow-traveller, and to learn his sentiments, before the lady entered ; and then he composed himself to play his part. He chatted and laughed with the novelist, ignoring quite the gentleman in the corner, who looked like a respectable family doctor, and who found the "Times" so interesting. At Hatfield, with a criminating nod of good-bye to Lord Granville, the unknown third got out. There was a little sensation on the platform. Hats went off in all directions ; and the porters were obsequious enough to please the young poet who sang of the "gallant gay domestics," speaking in "gentle murmurs" to the lord of Burleigh House. Evidently he was somebody. "Who is he?" asked Ouida, with much curiosity. For a moment the diplomatist of Downing Street was taken aback. But only for a moment. "Oh, a local magnate," he said, almost slightly ; and then, with his most "pussy-cat" manner, he purringly turned the conversation to another topic.

When the secret history of the Jubilee comes to be written, a special chapter will have to be devoted to its little sorrows, and then I may safely say its heroine will be her brown Highness the Queen of Hawaii. Her Majesty has been leading the Lord Chamberlain a life. She is a queen, and knows it ; and is determined that other people shall not forget it. On the morning of the great procession, she discovered that they were trying to palm off upon her a guard of Hussars, while Royal blood entitles its possessor to be surrounded by Life Guards. It was awfully inconvenient, but the change had to be made. And the worst

of it was that the Gold Stick, who was responsible for these arrangements, felt that he had nobody but himself to blame, for he had had a taste of Her Majesty before. Of course the Queen of Hawaii, as the guest of Queen Victoria, had to have the use of the Royal carriages, and three or four days before the Jubilee a brougham was brought to take Queen Kapiolani out to dinner; but the careless Gold Stick had let it come mounted with flunkeys in blue. Queen Kapiolani came, and saw, and frowned. She tapped the doorstep with her pretty toe, and asked what all this meant. The Royal colour is red, and there, under the gaze of the Hawaiian Queen, the conscious flunkeys blushed in blue. Back they had to go; the dinner might wait, but Queen Kapiolani was not the woman to compromise the dignity of her people. An hour later, the offended Queen saw the carriage roll back to her doors with the attendant flunkeys clad in liveries as red as lobsters—and knew that the honour of her nation was saved. Probably no one would care very much whether the Queen of Hawaii made the Gold Sticks tear their hair or not, but these little worries, coming on the top of greater ones in the midst of this Jubilee time, have caused some displeasure in more important quarters. As one of the boys of the Princess Christian said the other day: "You know grand-mamma was very vexed about her wanting the Guards; but then she has a very important coaling station, and the French are making love to her." Princes generally make good diplomats—they are caught young.

The Maharajah Holkar of Indore has arrived in Geneva from Paris, and never did a young mother nurse her first-born with

such a care as His Highness has nursed his grievance against the British Queen. And I do not in any way say he has not good reason to feel resentful. There was difficulty and disappointment from the very first hour of his landing on the English coast. Remembering what he was, and all the dim dynasties he represents, the great Maharajah Holkar of Indore expected the Prince of Wales to meet him at Dover; and no prince was there. But the Eastern Potentate was half consoled by a note from Her Majesty, bidding him welcome, and commanding him to accept no hospitality at the hands of a subject until he received the Royal commands. The Prince was pleased, and waited, and remembered that he had given £10,000 to the Imperial Institute, and, perchance, dreamed of British palaces. But, alas, other guests and kinsmen gathered; and all the while the great Maharajah Holkar of Indore was left kicking his heels in his hotel; until, at last, with proud reluctance, he recognised that he had been forgotten. The pill was bitter, and big, and bad to swallow, but it went down. Not the less, the great Maharajah Holkar of Indore knew the slight put upon him and all his ancestors by that strange and most unroyal forgetfulness. Asked to be present at the opening ceremony at the Imperial Institute, to which he had given such a kingly gift, he refused—smilingly saying he was ill, and gave a dinner party the same evening. He has now shaken the dust of England from his feet, and returns to India remembering that he was forgotten by the Queen.

Sir Henry Tichborne celebrated his coming of age in more ways than one. No sooner was the young man master of himself than he showed himself willing to accept the bonds of

wedlock by becoming engaged to Miss Lena Petre, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward and Lady Gwendeline Petre of Whitley Abbey. The proposal took place during the recent festivities ; but the young lady required a week to think the thing over. However, the young Baronet has now got his way and his bride.

The announcement that Cardinal Newman is preparing an autobiographical sketch for publication in the autumn is pure moonshine. On his autobiography, the great Cardinal may indeed be said to have been at work for the last half century. Apart from what he has already published in his "Apologia," and in his verses, his letters written to his friends, and even to strangers, are full of self-revealings. Copies of many of these letters, together with all the interesting letters received by the Cardinal, have been arranged by him, with such notes as are necessary, for publication after his death. They will need little or no editing, beyond what he has already given them; and they will make a volume more valuable than any stock biography could ever be in the case of one whose life has had few episodes with which the public is not already very familiar. In view of this publication, Cardinal Newman is somewhat chary in giving permission for the printing of letters addressed by him to his various friends. Canon Liddon has, I hear, experienced some difficulty of the kind in the case of the letters from the venerable Oratorian which he found in the portfolios of Dr. Pusey. But Newman memoirs will not be confined to those prepared by his Eminence; for his brother, Professor F. Newman, who lives at Weston-super-Mare, is preparing a volume of recollections, with especially interesting references to his early life and that of his illustrious brother.

The unveiling of the Rossetti memorial at Chelsea was a hot function in spite of the cool ideas suggested by a fountain ; and it must be owned that as a panegyrist, Mr. Holman Hunt is a decidedly depressing person, whatever he may be as a painter—a point on which I will offer no opinion. Rossetti himself, though as “melancholy mad” in his drawings, and so profoundly emotional as a poet, was a man of many jests, and sometimes his jokes were wise as well as witty, as when, for instance, he said, speaking of Mr. Swinburne in his younger days : “*Poeta nascitur non fit*—a poet born, truly, but *non fit* for publication.”

The Wild West in the Coliseum ! Most heartily do we hope it will not quite come to that. Buffalo Bill is extremely nice in his own place ; and we will not say that that place is not at the dinner-tables and in the ball-rooms of the London world. Moreover, from the way in which his horses buck, and from the fact that those wild steeds (and we rejoice to know it) are ridden almost entirely on the snaffle, we are convinced that his place is quite as much at West Brompton as on the prairie. But the Coliseum is another thing, and we may hope that, even if the rumour as to his intentions which reaches us from the United States be true, somebody will remember that the Flavian Amphitheatre is, after all, holy ground.

WHO killed the Britten ?
 I, said the Bailee bold
 Of the Tottenham mission
 (Its struggling condition

Has often been told—
All copper, no gold) :
I, quoth the Bailee bold,
I slew the Britten.

Who saw him die?
I, said Monsignor I-
sleworth,
I saw him die
And carried him forth.

Who'll make his shroud?
We, said the needle—
Work guild in a treble—
He taught us our sewing :
We'll pay what is owing,
We'll send a shroud.

Who'll carry the link?
I, said the Canon,
Born by the Shannon
(And rapidly ran on),
I'll carry the link.

Who'll sing a psalm?
We, said the clergy,
Ready with Liturgy
(He'd have re-written),
We'll sing a dirgie
Over the Britten.

Who'll be chief mourner?
Not I, said the Priest
Of a town in the East.
I don't care in the least,
And I've got a Feast,
So I can't be chief mourner.

Who'll toll the bell ?
The Bishops, I wist,
In cope and in mitre,
Whom *he* would assist
To govern their flocks,
And pull the reins tighter :
They'll toll the bell.

And all the newspapers
(Arrayed in white sheets)
Were cutting their capers.
But our pages which published
his tale of a club
Stood asunder to rub
A tear from their eyes ;
And they steadfastly cry,
Forgive all his vapours :
And now he is smitten,
Forget what he's written :
And let every reader
Be soft interceder
By the grave of the Britten.

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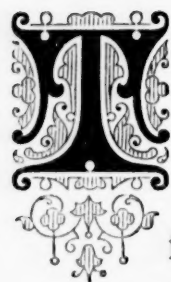
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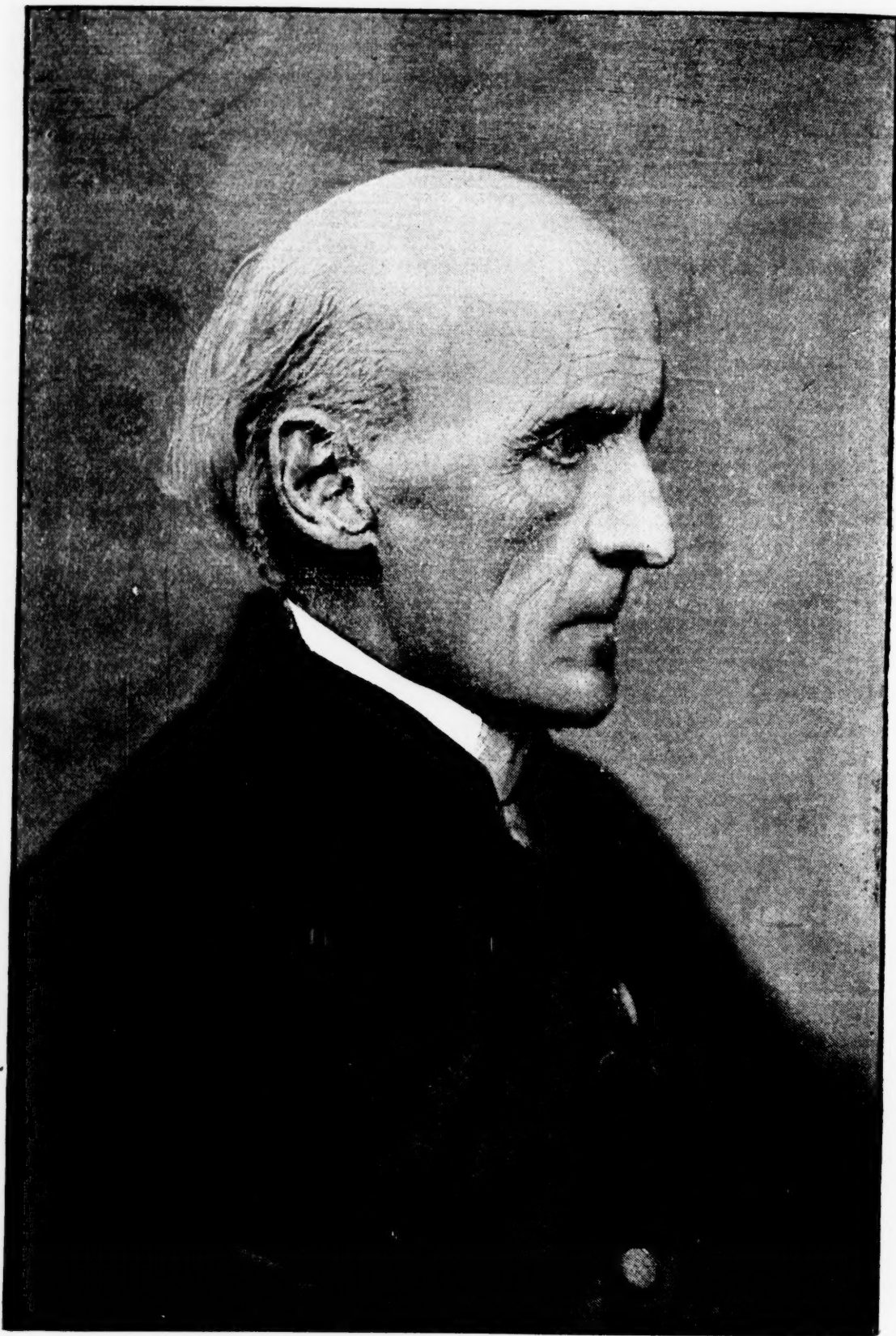
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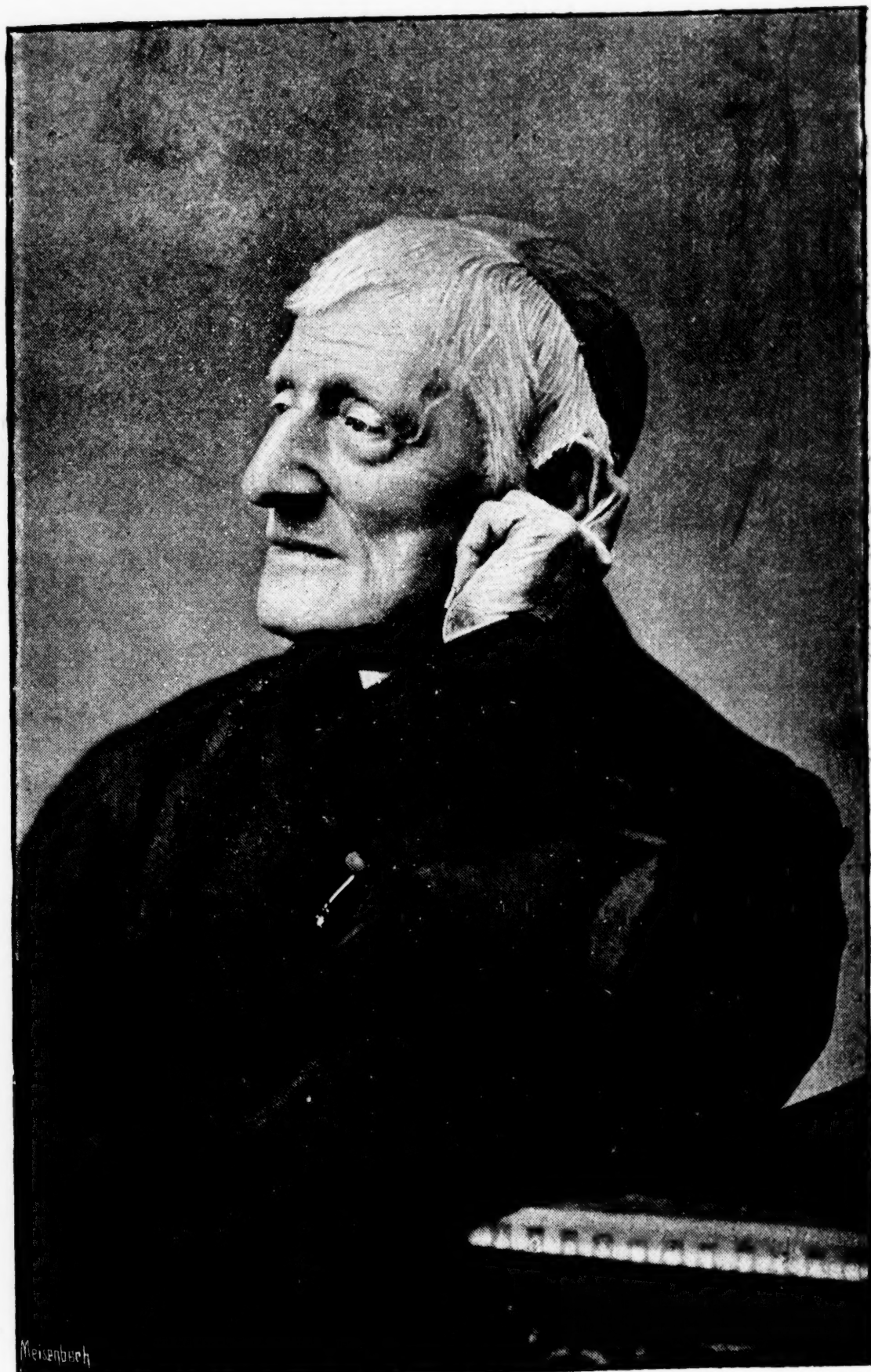
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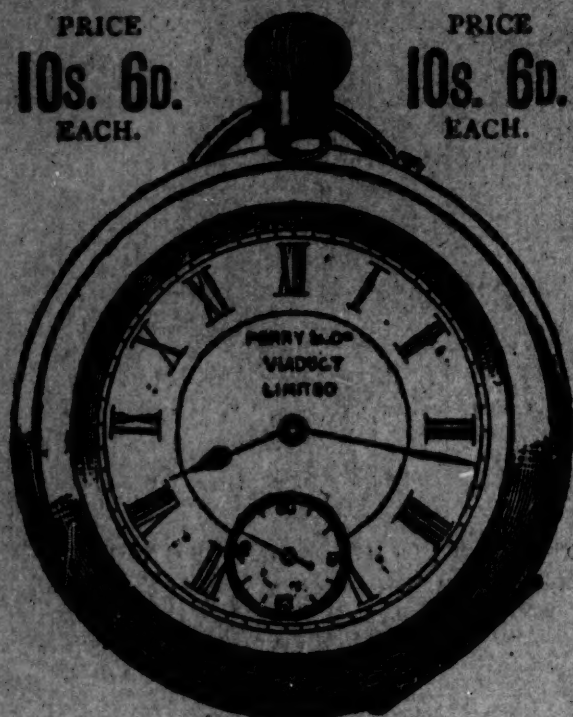
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